

From the Edinburgh Review.

Correspondance inédite, de Mabillon et de Montfaucon, avec L'Italie. Par M. VALÉRY. Paris: 1846.

MIDDLETON and Gibbon rendered a real, however undesigned, a service to Christianity by attempting to prove that the rapid extension of the primitive church was merely the natural result of natural causes. For what better proof could be given of the divine origin of any religion than by showing that it had at once overspread the civilized world, by the expansive power of an inherent aptitude to the nature and to the wants of mankind? By entering on a still wider range of inquiry, those great but disingenuous writers might have added much to the evidence of the fact they alleged, although at a still greater prejudice to the conclusion at which they aimed.

It is not predicted in the Old Testament that the progress of the gospel should, to any great extent, be the result of any agency preternatural and opposed to ordinary experience; nor is any such fact alleged in any of the apostolical writings as having actually occurred. There is, indeed, no good reason to suppose that such miraculous though transient disturbances of the laws of the material or the moral world, would have long or powerfully controlled either the belief or the affections of mankind. The heavenly husbandman selected the kindest soil and the most propitious season for sowing the grain of mustard seed; and so, as time rolled on, the adaptation of our faith to the character and the exigencies of our race was continually made manifest, though under new and ever varying forms.

Thus the church was at first Congregational, that by the agitation of the lowest strata of society the superincumbent mass of corruption, idolatry, and mental servitude might be broken up—then Synodal or Presbyterian, that the tendency of separate societies to heresy and schism might be counteracted—then Episcopal, that, in ages of extreme difficulty and peril, the whole body might act in concert and with decision—then Papal, that it might oppose a visible unity to the armies of the Crescent and the barbarians of the North—then Monastic, that learning, art, and piety might be preserved in impregnable retreats amidst the deluge of ignorance and of feudal oppression—then Scholastic, that the human mind might be educated for a return to a sounder knowledge, and to primitive doctrine—then Protestant, that the soul might be emancipated from error, superstition, and spiritual despotism—then *partially* Reformed, in the very bosom of the papacy, lest that emancipation should hurry the whole of Christendom into

precipitate change and lawless anarchy—and then at length Philosophical, to prove that as there are no depths of sin or misery to which the healing of the gospel cannot reach, so there are no heights of speculation to which the wisdom of the gospel cannot ascend.

Believing thus in the perpetuity as well as on the catholicity of the church, and judging that she is still the same in spirit throughout all ages, although, in her external developments, flexible to the varying necessities of all, we have ventured on some former occasions, and are again about, to assert, for “the pure and reformed branches” of it in England and in Scotland, an alliance with the heroes of the faith in remote times, and in less enlightened countries; esteeming that to be the best Protestantism, which, while it frankly condemns the errors of other Christian societies, yet claims fellowship with the piety, the wisdom, and the love, which, in the midst of those errors, have attested the divine original of them all.

If, according to the advice which on some of those occasions we have presumed to offer to those who are studious of such subjects, there be among us any scholar meditating a Protestant history of the monastic orders, he will find materials for a curious chapter in this correspondence of the French Benedictines of the reign of Louis the XIV. In that fraternity light and darkness succeeded each other by a law the reverse of that which obtained in Europe at large. From the promulgation of their rule in the sixth century, their monasteries were comparatively illuminated amidst the general gloom of the dark ages. But when the sun arose on the outer world, its beams scarcely penetrated their cloisters; nor did they hail the returning dawn of literature and science until the day was glowing all around them in meridian splendor. Then, however, passing at one vault from the haze of twilight to the radiance of noon, they won the wreath of superior learning, even in the times of Tillemont and Du Cange—though resigning the palm of genius to Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Pascal. Thus the three great epochs of their annals are denoted by the growth, the obscurity, and the revival of their intellectual eminence. M. Valéry's volumes illustrate the third and last stage of this progress, which cannot, however, be understood without a rapid glance at each of the two preceding stages.

“But why,” it may be asked, “direct the eye at all to the mouldering records of monastic superstition, self-indulgence, and hypocrisy?” Why indeed? From contemplating the mere debasement of any of the great families of man, no images can be gathered to delight the fancy, nor any examples to move or to invigorate the heart. And

doubtless he who seeks for such knowledge, may find in the chronicles of the convent a fearful disclosure of the depths of sin and folly into which multitudes of our brethren have plunged, under the pretence of more than human sanctity. But the same legends will supply some better lessons, to him who reads books that he may learn to love, and to benefit his fellow-men. They will teach him that, as in Judea, the temple, so, in Christendom, the monastery, was the ark, freighted during the deluge, with the destinies of the church and of the world—that there our own spiritual and intellectual ancestry found shelter amidst the tempest—that there were matured those powers of mind which gradually infused harmony and order into the warring elements of the European commonwealth—and that there many of the noblest ornaments of our common Christianity were trained, to instruct, to govern, and to bless the nations of the West.

Guided by the maxim "that whatever any one saint records of any other saint must be true," we glide easily over the enchanted land along which Domnus Johannes Mabillon conducts the readers of the earlier parts of his wondrous compilations; receiving submissively the assurance that St. Benedict sang eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb—raised a dead child to life—caused his pupil Maurus to tread the water dry-shod—untied by a word the knotted cords with which an Arian Goth (*Zalla* by name) had bound an honest rustic—cast out of one monk a demon, who had assumed the disguise of a farrier—rendered visible to another a concealed dragon, who was secretly tempting him to desertion—and by laying a consecrated wafer on the bosom of a third, enabled him to repose in a grave which till then had continually cast him out;—for all these facts the great annalist relates of his patriarch St. Benedict, on the authority of the pontiff (first of that name) St. Gregory. If, however, the record had contained no better things than these, the memorial of Benedict would long since have perished with him.

His authentic biography is comprised in a very few words. He was born towards the end of the fifth century, at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto. His mother died in giving him birth. He was sent to Rome for his education by his father, a member of the Anician family, which Claudian has celebrated; but was driven from the city by the invasions of Odoacer and Theodoric to the Mons Subiacus, where, while yet a beardless youth, he took up his abode as a hermit. Like Jerome, he was haunted in his solitude by the too vivid remembrance of a Roman lady; and subdued his voluptuous imagination by rolling his naked body among the thorns. The fame of such premature sanctity recommended him to the monks of the neighboring monastery as their abbot; but scarcely had he assumed the office when, disgusted by the rigors of his discipline, the electors attempted to get rid of him by poison. Returning to his hermitage, he soon found himself in the centre of several rude huts, erected in his vicinity

by other fugitives from the world, who acknowledged him as the superior of this monastic village. But their misconduct compelled him again to seek a new retirement; which he found at Monte Casino, on the frontiers of the Abbruzzi. There, attended by some of his pupils and former associates, he passed the remainder of his life—composing his rule, and establishing the order which, at the distance of thirteen centuries, still retains his name and acknowledges his authority. He died in the year 543, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To the intercourse of Benedict with the refractory monks of Subiaco, may perhaps be traced the basis of his system. It probably revealed to him the fact that Indolence, Self-will, and Selfishness are the three archdemons of the cloister; and suggested the inference that Industry, Obedience, and Community of goods are the antagonist powers which ought to govern there. But the comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity, that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own—the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion—the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local—and the deep insight into the human heart by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes—these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation, had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators. His disciples, indeed, find in his legislative wisdom a conclusive proof that he wrote and acted under a divine impulse. Even to those who reject this solution it is still a phenomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity.

That the Benedictine statutes remain to this day a living code, written in the hearts of multitudes in every province of the Christian world, is chiefly perhaps to be ascribed to the inflexible rigor with which they annihilated the cares and responsibilities of freedom. To the baser sort no yoke is so galling as that of self-control; no deliverance so welcome as that of being handsomely rid of free agency. With such men mental slavery readily becomes a habit, a fashion, and a pride. To the abject many, the abdication of self-government is a willing sacrifice. It is reserved for the nobler few to rise to the arduous virtues of using wisely the gifts which God bestows, and walking courageously, though responsibly, in the light which God vouchsafes.

And by the abject many, though often under the guidance of the nobler few, were peopled the cells of Monte Casino and her affiliated convents. Their gates were thrown open to men of every rank, in whom the abbot or prior of the house could discover the marks of a genuine vocation. To exclude any such candidate, though a pauper

or a slave, would have been condemned by Benedict, in the words and spirit of Augustine, as *grave delictum*. In those sacred enclosures, therefore, many poor and illiterate brethren found a refuge. But they were distinguished from the rest as *conversi*—that is, as persons destined neither for the priesthood nor the tonsure, but bound to labor for the society as husbandmen, shepherds, artisans, or domestic servants.

In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day, it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those ages so often caught the eye, as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementos of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field—or shepherds interchanging some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks—or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might neither taste nor speak—or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum—and all pausing from their labors as the convent bell, sounding the hours of primes or nones or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person, to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land continually encroaching on the adjacent forest; and the passer by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvests waving in security, under the shelter of ecclesiastical privileges which even the Vandal and the Ostrogoth regarded with respect. Our own annual agricultural meetings, with their implements and their prizes, their short horns and their long speeches, must carry back their economic genealogy, to those husbandmen who, with dismal aspect, brawny arms, and compressed lips, first taught the conquerors of Rome the science in which Columella and Virgil had instructed the ancient Romans.

A similar pedigree must be assigned to our academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The fine arts are merely imitative in their infancy; though, as they become mature, they also become symbolical. And this maturity is first attained by the architect, because he ministers to a want more urgent than the rest—because, in the order of time, the edifice must precede the works designed for its embellishment—and because, finding in nature no models, except for the details of his performance, he must, from the first, be inventive in the composition of it. Thus the children of Benedict, when contemplating their lofty avenues sacred to meditation—and the mellowed lights streaming through the foliage—and the flowers clustering in the conventual garden—and the pendulous stalactites of the neighboring grottoes—conceived of a Christian Temple in which objects resembling these, though hewn out of imperishable stone, and carved into en-

during forms, might be combined and grouped together into one glorious whole. With a ritual addressed to the eye rather than to the ear—a sacred pantomime, of which the sacrifice of the mass was the action, the priests the actors, and the high altar the stage—nothing more was requisite to the solemn exhibition but the cathedral as its appropriate theatre. It arose, therefore, not the servile representation of any one natural object, but the majestic combination of the forms of many; and full of mystic significance, in the cruciform plan, the lofty arch, the oriel windows, the lateral chapels, and the central elevation. Not a groining, a mullion, or a tracery, was there, in which the initiated eye did not read some masonic enigma, some ghostly counsel, or some inarticulate summons to confession, to penitence or to prayer.

Every niche without, and every shrine within these sanctuaries, was adorned with images of their tutelary saints; and especially of Her who is supreme among the demigods of this celestial hierarchy. But, instead of rising to the impersonation of holiness, beauty, or power in these human forms, the monkish sculptors were content to copy the indifferent models of humanity within their reach; and the statues, busts, and reliefs, which, in subsequent times, fell beneath the blows of Protestant Iconoclasts had little if any value but that which belonged to their peculiar locality and their accidental associations. In painting also, whether encaustic, in fresco, or on wood, the performances of the early Benedictine artists were equally humble. In order to give out their visible poetry, the chisel and the pencil must be guided by minds conversant with the cares and the enjoyments of life; for it is by such minds only that the living soul which animates mute nature can ever be perceived; or can be expressed in the delineation of realities, whether animated or inanimate. In ecclesiastical and conventual architecture, and in that art alone, the monks exhausted their creative imagination; covering Europe with monuments of their science in statics and dynamics, and with monuments of that plastic genius, which from an infinity of elaborate, incongruous, and often worthless, details, knew how to evoke one sublime and harmonious whole. In those august shrines, if anywhere on earth, the spirit of criticism is silenced by the belief that the adorations of men are mingling in blessed accord with the hallelujahs of heaven.

To animate that belief, the Benedictine musicians produced those chants which, long afterwards combined by Palestrina into the Mass of Pope Marcellus, were hailed with rapture by the Roman Conclave and the Fathers of Trent, as the golden links which bind together in an indissoluble union the supplications of the Militant Church and the thanksgivings of the Church Triumphant.

"Lusts of the imagination!" exclaimed, and may yet exclaim, the indignant pulpits of Scotland and Geneva—"lusts as hostile to the purity of the Christian Faith as the grosser lusts of the flesh or the emptiest vanities of life." Hard words these

for our restorers of church architecture in mediæval splendor! Let the Camden Society, the Lord of Wilton, and the benchers of the Temple look to it; while we, all innocent of any such sumptuous designs—her majesty's church-building commissioners themselves not more so—refer to these Benedictine prodigies only as illustrating a memorable passage in Benedictine history.

But art was regarded by the fathers of that order rather as the delight than as the serious occupation of their brotherhood. With a self-reliance as just as that of the great philosopher, if not as sublime, they took to themselves all knowledge as their proper province. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy, who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium*, some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal. A tribute of writing materials at the commencement of each novitiate, and another of books at its close, with an annual import of manuscripts from the inferior houses, were continually augmenting the libraries of their greater convents. How extensive and how valuable such collections became, may be inferred from the directions given by the Benedictine Cassiodorus for the guidance of his brethren in their studies. He had collected, and he enjoins them to read, the Greek and Latin fathers, the church historians, the geographers and grammarians whose works were then extant and in repute, with various medical books, for the assistance of those monks to whom the care of the infirmary was confided. Whoever will consult the "*Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," by their historiographer Magnoaldus Zeigelbauer, may rapidly accumulate the most conclusive proofs, that by their order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of modern Europe.

The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries; but in their parentage of countless men and women, illustrious for active piety—for wisdom

in the government of mankind—for profound learning—and for that contemplative spirit, which discovers within the soul itself things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation. Such, indeed, is the number of these worthies, that, if every page at our disposal were a volume, and every such volume as ponderous as our old acquaintance, Scapula, space would fail us to render justice to the achievements of the half of them. We cannot, however, pass by this goodly fellowship without a transient glance at one normal type, at the least, of each of these various forms of Benedictine heroism. For that purpose we need scarcely wander from the annals of our own land.

In the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, near Winchester, Poetry, History, Rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures were taught, in the beginning of the eighth century, by a monk whom his fellow-countrymen called Winfred, but whom the church honors under the name of Boniface. He was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents, who had reluctantly yielded to his wish to embrace the monastic state. Hardly, however, had he reached middle life, when his associates at Nutsall discovered that he was dissatisfied with the pursuits by which their own thoughts were engrossed. As, in his evening meditations, he paced the long conventual avenue of lime trees, or as, in the night watches, he knelt before the crucifix suspended in his cell, he was still conscious of a voice, audible though inarticulate, which repeated to him the Divine injunction, "to go and preach the gospel to all nations." Then, in mental vision, was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry; where, beneath the veil of the customs described by Tacitus, was concealed an idolatry of which the historian had neither depicted, nor probably conjectured the abominations. To encounter Satan in this stronghold, became successively the day dream, the passion, and the fixed resolve of Boniface; until at length, abandoning, for this holy war, the studious repose for which he had already abandoned the world, he appeared, in his thirty-sixth year, a solitary and unbefriended missionary, traversing the marshy sands and the primeval forests of Friesland. But Charles Martel was already there—the leader in a far different contest; nor, while the Christian mayor of the palace was striking down the Pagans with his battle-axe, could the pathetic entreaties of the Benedictine monk induce them to bow down to the banner of the cross. He therefore returned to Nutsall, not with diminished zeal, but with increased knowledge. He had now learnt that his success must depend on the conduct of the secular and spiritual rulers of mankind, and on his own connection with them.

The chapter of his monastery chose him as their abbot; but, at his own request, the Bishop of Winchester annulled the election. Then, quitting forever his native England, Boniface pursued his way to Rome, to solicit the aid of Pope Gregory the Second, in his efforts for the conversion of the German people.

Armed with a papal commission, a papal blessing, and a good store of relics, Boniface again appeared in Friesland, where Charles Martel was now the undisputed master. Victory had rendered him devout, and he gladly countenanced the labors of the monk, to bring his new subjects within the fold of the Christian church. So ardent, indeed, was his zeal for this great work, that the destined author of it was soon compelled to migrate into Saxony, as the only means of escaping the unwelcome command of the conqueror to fix his residence in Friesland, and there to assume the coadjutorship and succession to the Bishop of Utrecht.

The missionary labors of Boniface, interrupted only by three short visits to Rome, were prolonged over a period of more than thirty-six years; and were extended over all the territories between the Elbe, the Rhine, and the ocean. At Rome he sought and found all the support which papal authority, zeal, and wisdom could afford him. Gregory the Second consecrated him a bishop, though without a diocese. Gregory the Third raised him to be the Archbishop and Primate of all Germany; with power to establish bishoprics there at his discretion. The same pontiff afterwards nominated him Legate of the Holy See, in Germany and France. To these distinctions Pope Zachary added the Archbishopric of Mentz, then first constituted the metropolis of the German churches. Last of all was bestowed on him the singular privilege of appointing his own successor in his primacy.

There have been churchmen to whom such a memento of the vanity of even the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have afforded but an equivocal satisfaction. To Boniface the remembrance of the shortness of life was not only familiar, but welcome. The treatise of Ambrose on the advantages of death was his constant companion. It taught him to regard his successive promotions but as the means of preparing his mind for the joyful resignation of them all. His seventy-fourth year was now completed. For the spiritual care of his converts he had established seven new bishoprics, and had built and endowed many monasteries for the advancement of piety and learning among them. At last abdicating his own mitre in favor of Lullus, a monk of Malmesbury, he solemnly devoted his remaining days to that office of a missionary, which he justly esteemed as far nobler than any symbolized by the erasier, the purple, or the tiara. Girding round him his black Benedictine habit, and depositing his Ambrose "*De Bono Mortis*" in the folds of it, he once more travelled to Friesland; and pitching his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, awaited there the arrival of a body of neophytes, whom he had summoned to receive at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Ere long a multitude appeared in the distance; advancing towards the tent, not however with the lowly demeanor of Christian converts drawing near to their bishop, but carrying deadly weapons, and announcing by their cries and gestures that

they were Pagans, sworn to avenge their injured deities against the arch-enemy of their worship. The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defence; but calmly, and even cheerfully awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows—a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived, and so bravely died, to propagate. His copy of Ambrose, "*De Bono Mortis*," covered with his blood, was exhibited, during many succeeding centuries, at Fulda, as a relic. It was contemplated there by many who regarded as superstitious and heretical some of the tenets of Boniface. But no Christian, whatever might be his own peculiar creed, ever looked upon that blood-stained memorial of him without the profoundest veneration.

For, since the Apostolic Age, no greater benefactor of our race has arisen among men than the Monk of Nutsall—unless it be that other Monk of Wittemberg who, at the distance of seven centuries, appeared to reform and reconstruct the churches founded by the holy Benedictine. To Boniface the north and west of Germany, and Holland, still look back as their spiritual progenitor; nor did any uninspired man ever add to the permanent dominion of our faith provinces of such extent and value.

If, in accomplishing that great work, Boniface relied more on human authority than is consistent with the practice, or, rather, with the theory, of our Protestant churches, his still extant letters will show that he rebuked, with indignant energy, the vices of the great on whom he was dependent. In placing the crown of Childeric on the head of Pepin, he may have been guilty of some worldly compliance with the usurper. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the pope himself had favored the cause of the mayor of the palace, by his Delphic response, "*Melius esse illum vocari regem apud quem summa potestas consisteret.*"

The guides of our own missionary enterprises will, probably, accuse Boniface of undue promptitude in admitting within the pale any one who chose to submit himself to the mere outward form of baptism. His facility is indisputable; but what Protestant will venture to condemn the measures which brought within the precincts of the Christian church the native lands of Luther, of Grotius, and of Melanethon?

On a single occasion we find him wearing a garb at least resembling that of an inquisitor. Within his spiritual jurisdiction came a Frenchman, working miracles, and selling as relics the cuttings of his own hair and the parings of his own nails. This worthy had an associate in one Vincent, a Scotchman, a sort of premature Knox—a teacher, it is said, of heresies—but certainly a stout opponent of all the laws and canons of the church. Moved by Boniface, the secular arm lodged them both in close prison; and, all things considered, one must doubt their claim to any better lodgings.

Peace be, however, to the faults of Boniface! whatever they may have been. Among the heroes

of active piety, the world has few greater to revere; as the disciples of Benedict have assuredly none greater to boast.

They boast, however, in Lanfranc, another primate, to whose far-seeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those venerable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, in our own islands and in the North American continent. In his romance of "Harold," Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton solving, with equal erudition and creative fancy, the great problem of his art, (the problem how to produce the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historical truth,) has produced a living portrait of Lanfranc, the subtle Italian, who, armed with homilies for the devout, jests for the facetious, austerities for the superstitious, learning for the inquisitive, and obsequiousness for the great, renders the weakness and the strength of each in turn tributary to his own ambition; and ascends the throne of Canterbury, not merely by the aid of the meek old abbot Herduin, but on the shoulders of the imperious William and the imperial Hildebrand. Our great master of historico-romantic portraiture would have destroyed the picturesque unity of his beautiful sketch if, by advancing further, he had taught us (and who could have taught us so powerfully?) how vast is the debt of gratitude which England owes to her great primates Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Beckett—or rather to that benign Providence which raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral, over physical, force which from their times passed as a birthright to the parliaments of Henry the Third and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England, and of all the free communities with which she has covered, and is still peopling, the globe. The thunders and reproaches of Rome are sufficiently encountered, by such reverberated thunders and reproaches as they provoke. To those who deplore alike the necessity and the rancor of the conflict, it may yet be permitted to render a due and therefore a reverent homage to the ancient prelates of the Roman church. Unchecked by the keen wisdom, the ecclesiastical policy, and the Roman sympathies of the Benedictine Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English throne, a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which every germ of the future liberties and greatness of England must have prematurely perished.

When, in the mind of William Rufus, the fear of death had prevailed over the thirst for the revenues of Canterbury, he placed the mitre of Lanfranc on the head of the Benedictine Anselm; anticipat-

ing, probably, a less effective assertion of the rights of the church by the retired and gentle student, than had been made by his insinuating and worldly-wise predecessor. In the great controversy of investitures, however, Anselm showed that nothing is so inflexible as meekness, sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right. Yet at the very moment of success, he turned aside from these agitations, to revolve the mysterious enigmas which it was at once the purpose and the delight of his existence to unravel. Those boundless realms of thought over which, in the solitude of his library, he enjoyed a princely but unenvied dominion, were in his eyes of incomparably higher value, than either his primacy of the Church of England, or his triumph in maintaining the prerogatives of the Church of Rome. In our days, indeed, his speculations are forgotten; and the very subjects of them have fallen into disesteem. Yet, except perhaps the writings of Erigena, those of Anselm on the "Will of God," on "Truth," on "Free-will," and on the "Divine Prescience," are not only the earliest in point of time, but, in the order of invention, are the earliest models, of those scholastic works, which exhibit, in such intimate and curious union, the prostration and the aspirings of the mind of man—prostrating itself to the most absurd of human dogmas—aspiring to penetrate the loftiest and the most obscure of the Divine attributes.

Truth may have concealed herself from most of these inquirers; but their researches formed no unimportant part of the education which was gradually preparing the intellect of Europe for admission into her sanctuary. Among the followers of Anselm are to be reckoned not merely the doctors—venerable, invincible, irrefragable, angelical, and seraphic—but a far greater than they, even Des Cartes himself—who, as may be learnt from Brucker, borrowed from the Benedictine philosopher his proof of the Being of a God. Anselm taught that the abstract idea of Deity was the fœtal principle of all knowledge—that as God himself is the primeval source of all existence in the outer world, so the Idea of God precedes, and conducts us to, all other ideas in the world within us—and that, until we have risen to that remotest spring of all our thoughts, we cannot conceive rightly of the correspondence of our own perceptions with the realities amidst which we exist.

If these speculations are not very intelligible, they are at least curious. They show that the metaphysicians who lived when Westminster Hall was rising from its foundations, and those who lived when the first stone of our Edinburgh University was laid, beat themselves very much in the same manner against the bars of their mental prison-house.

Philosophy may thrive in other places than conventual cells. But there is a literature which scarcely flourishes elsewhere. The peculiar and spontaneous product of the monastery is mystic devotion. If the Benedictines had been cursed with barrenness in yielding this fruit, they would have resembled a Dutch garden in which it was

impossible to cultivate the tulip. But no such reproach clings to the sons and daughters of Benedict. It must, however, be admitted that our own land has been singularly destitute of fertility in this the most delicate of all the plants cultivated in monastic seclusion. We produced schoolmen to satiety. Erigena, Hales, Duns Scotus, and Occam were our own. But we must pass over to Spain and Germany to find a type of Benedictine greatness, in that impalpable, though gorgeous world, which in later times was inhabited by Molinos and by Fénelon.

In those more fortunate regions, many are the half inspired rhapsodists whom we encounter—chiefly ladies—and, what is worthy of notice, ladies who from their childhood had scarcely ever strayed beyond the convent garden. Nevertheless, the indestructible peculiarity of our national character, (whether it be shyness or dryness—high aims or low aims—the fear of irreverence for what is holy, or the fear of being laughed at for what is absurd)—that character which forbade the public utterance in these islands of the impassioned communings of the soul with its Maker and with itself, forbids us to make any report to our fellow-countrymen of the sublime “Canticles” of St. Gertrude or of St. Theresa. Lest, however, our hasty sketch of Benedictine intellectual greatness should be defective, without some specimen of their super-terrestrial poetry, we venture to remind our readers of one passage of which M. de Malan (one of Mabillon’s biographers) has reminded us ourselves, in which the author of the “*De Imitatione Christi*” (himself a Benedictine, if Mabillon may be trusted) has sung to his Æolian harp a more than earthly strain. It is, indeed, an excellent example of a style of which we have no model in our own language—except perhaps in occasional passages of Archbishop Leighton.

My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however beautiful or ingenious they may be; for the kingdom of God consisteth not in words but in power.

Weigh well my words, for they kindle the heart, illuminate the mind, quicken compunction, and supply abundant springs of consolation.

Read not the Word of God in order that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

When thou shalt have read and known many things, then return to the one beginning and principle of all things.

I am he that teacheth man knowledge, and to little children I impart an understanding more clear than man can teach.

He to whom I speak shall quickly be wise, and in spirit shall profit largely.

Woe be to them that search out many curious things, and take little thought how they may serve me.

I am he who, in one instant, raise up the humble in mind to understand eternal truth better than if he had studied many years in the schools.

I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honor, without the shock of arguments.

To some men I speak common things, to others

things rare; to some I appear sweetly by signs; to some, with much light, I discover mysteries.

The voice of books is, indeed, one; but it is a voice which instructs not all alike. I am he who teaches the truth concealed within the voice. I the searcher of the heart, the discoverer of the thoughts, promoting holy actions, distributing to each one as I will.

If, as the Benedictines maintained, this sacred chant was really sung by a poet of their own fraternity, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it may be looked upon as a kind of threnody, designed to intimate the approaching obscuration of their order. For already might be observed, in a state of morbid activity among them, those principles of decay which were pointed out so indignantly by Benedict himself to Dante, when, under the guidance of Beatrice, the poet had ascended to his presence in the seventh heaven:—

* * My rule

Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;

The walls, for abbey reared, turned into dens;

The cows, to sacks choked up with musty meal;

Foul usury doth not more lift itself

Against God’s pleasure, than that fruit which makes
The hearts of monks so wanton.

Carrey’s Dante, canto xxii., “Il Paradiso.”

In the lapse of more than seven centuries, the state of society had undergone vast changes; but the institutes of Benedict had not been changed to meet them. The new exigencies of life demanded reformations in the religious state which Francis, Dominic, and Loyola, successively established. They combined a more mature policy with a younger enthusiasm. Exhibiting ascetic self-mortifications, till then unknown among any of the monastic communities of the West, they, also, formed relations equally new with the laity in all their offices—domestic, political, military, and commercial. Having, at the same time, obtained possession of nearly all the pulpits of the Latin church, the imagination, the interests, and the consciences of mankind fell so much under the control of these new fraternities, that their influence was felt throughout all the ramifications of society.

While the spiritual dominion of the earlier monasticism was continually narrowed by this formidable competition, the Benedictines were no less constantly becoming more and more entangled in the cares and enjoyments of the world. They established an ill-omened alliance with the Templars, with the Knights of Calatrava and Alcantara, and with five other orders of chivalry—an unhallowed companionship, which, by familiarizing the monks with the military, and dissolute manners of these new brethren, gradually contaminated their own.

Wealth and temporal prosperity were no less prolific of evil in the order of St. Benedict than in other societies in which their enervating influence has been felt. But on the monks riches inflicted a peculiar disaster. For, riches tempted the chief sovereigns of Europe to usurp the patronage of the religious houses; and to transfer the government

of them from abbots elected by the chapters, to abbots appointed by the king.

The grant of these conventual benefices in *commendam*, was one of those abuses in the church, which yielded to no reform until the church herself and her abuses were swept away together, by the torrent of the French revolution. It was, however, a practice in favor of which the most venerable antiquity might be alleged. From the earliest times churches had been placed under a kind of tutelage, between the death of the incumbent and the appointment of his successor. But it not rarely happened that when the period of this spiritual guardianship was over, the tutor had become too much enamored of his ward, and possessed too much influence with the great, to acquiesce in a separation from her. In such cases the commendatory, aided by some ill-fed stipendiary curate, assumed all the privileges and immunities of a sinecurist.

Yet it was not necessary to rely on any vulgar names in defence or in extenuation of this usage. The great Athanasius himself held a bishopric in commendam, in addition to his see of Alexandria. Neither were they vulgar names by whom it was condemned. Hildebrand, Innocent III., and the Fathers of Trent, rivalled each other in denunciations of the abuse; and were cordially seconded by Philippe Auguste, by St. Louis, and even by Francis I. Papal, synodal, and royal decrees, proved, however, too feeble to check an abuse so tempting to royal and sacerdotal cupidity. The French kings converted the splendid monastery of Fontevault into an appanage for a long succession of royal or noble ladies. The abbey of St. Germain des Près also was given in commendam, by Louis the Debonnaire, to a bishop of Poitiers; by Eudes to his brother Robert, a layman; and at length, by Louis XIII., to a widow of the Duke of Lorraine—which is much as though the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been given to the widow of the Elector Palatine.

During the progress of this decay, there was no lack of reformers, or of reforms of the Benedictine Order. But the corrupting proved too strong for the renovating power; and their decline proceeded without any real check until, in the year 1614, Dom Nicholas Benard became a member of the congregation of St. Maur.

Benard was one of those reformers to whom it is given to innovate, at once in the spirit of the institution which they desire to improve, and in the spirit of the age in which the improvement is to be made. His object was to bring back his order to the dutifulness, the industry, and the self-renunciation enjoined by Benedict. His remedial process consisted in conducting them, by exhortation and by his own example, to the culture of those studies which were held in highest esteem in France in the reigns of the 13th and of the 14th Louis. In those times no seeds of science or literature could be sown in that favored land without yielding an abundant increase. The reason of this redundant fertility at that particular

era, no historian can explain and no psychologist can conjecture. But, like the other promoters of learning in his age, Benard soon found himself followed and surrounded by a band of scholars, who joined with him in the successful culture of all historical, antiquarian, and critical knowledge. With their aid he restored one of the chief households of the Benedictine race to even more than their pristine glory.

During the 17th century, one hundred and five writers in the congregation of St. Maur (then established at St. Germain des Près) divided among them this harvest of literary renown. A complete collection of their works would form a large and very valuable library; as may indeed be inferred from a bare enumeration of the books of the earlier and later fathers, which they republished. Among them are the best editions which the world has seen of the writings of St. Gregory the Great, of Lanfranc, Basil, Bernard, Anselm, Augustine, Cassiodorus, Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome, Athanasius, Gregory of Tours, Irenæus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Tertullian, Justin, and Origen; to which must be added their edition of Josephus.

But it would be as easy to form an image of the Grecian camp from the catalogue of the ships, as to conceive aright of the Benedictines of St. Maur from an enumeration of their publications and the names of them. To exhibit some slight sketch of that great seminary as it existed in its days of splendor, it is necessary to confine our attention to the Achilles of their host—to him whom all the rest revered as their great example, and acknowledged by acclamation as their head.

The life of Mabillon has been written by Ruinart, his affectionate pupil; by Dom Filipe le Cerf, the historiographer of the congregation; and more recently by M. Chavin de Malan. To the last of those biographers we are largely indebted for much valuable information. But a companion at once more instructive and provoking, or a guide less worthy of confidence, never offered himself at the outset of any literary journey. It is the pleasure of M. de Malan to qualify the speculative propensities of our own age, by the blindest credulity of the middle ages. He is at the same moment a rhetorician and an antiquarian, (as a dervish dances while he prays,) and is never satisfied with investigating truth, unless he can also embellish and adorn it. Happily, however, we are not dependent on his guidance. All that is most interesting respecting Mabillon may be gathered from his own letters and his works. For to write was the very law of his existence; and from youth to old age his pen unceasingly plied those happy tasks, of which the interest never fails and the tranquillity can never be disturbed.

Jean Mabillon was born at the village of St. Pierre Mont, in Champagne, on the 23d of November, 1632. His mother did not long survive his birth; but Ruinart congratulates himself on having seen Etienne, the father of Jean, at the

age of 105, in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily powers. Jean himself was sent by his paternal uncle, the curé of a parish near Rheims, to a college in that city, which, on his return homewards from the Council of Trent, the celebrated cardinal of Lorraine had founded there for the education of clergymen. The habits of the place well became its origin. Except while addressing their teachers, the pupils passed in profound silence every hour of the day save that of noon; when they amused themselves in a garden, where, as we read, it was their custom, many hundred times a day, to salute a conspicuous image of the Virgin, with assurances of their veneration and their love.

Whatever may have been the effects of this discipline on the characters of his fellow-students, it moulded the meek and quiet nature of Mabillon into the exact form which the authors of it regarded as the most perfect. He surrendered up his will to theirs; and yielding his whole soul to the divine offices of his college chapel, became so familiar with them, that when, after an absence of more than fifty years, Ruinart knelt beside him there, he heard the then aged man repeat, from memory, with unerring exactness, every prayer, every ceremonial, and every sacred melody in which he had been accustomed to offer up the devotions of his youth.

In the year 1653, and (to use the chronology of the cloister and of Oxford) on the feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, Mabillon was received as a postulant at the Benedictine monastery then attached to the cathedral church of St. Remy. In that sublime edifice his imagination had long before been entranced by the anticipated delights of a life of devotional retirement. It had been his single indulgence, while at college, to wander thither that he might listen to the choral strains as they rose, and floated, and died away through the recesses of those long-drawn aisles; and there had he often proposed to himself the question, whether this world had anything to offer so peaceful and so pure as an habitual ministration at those hallowed altars, and an unbroken ascent of the heart heavenwards, on the wings of those unearthly psalmodies!

To this inquiry, his judgment, or his feelings, still returned the same answer; and, at the end of his novitiate, he gladly pronounced those irrevocable vows which were to exclude him forever from all delights less elevated than those of a devotional life. He had not, however, long to await the proof that the exclusive use of this ethereal dietary is unfriendly to the health both of these gross bodies of ours and of the sluggish minds by which they are informed. The flesh revolted; and, to subdue the rebellion, ascetic rigors were required. Then (alas for the bathos!) that base and unfortunate viscous, the stomach, racked his head with insufferable pains. Compelled at length to fly for relief to a Benedictine convent at Nogent, he there soothed his aching brows by traversing, and mourning over, the ruins which

the impious ravages of the Huguenots had brought upon the monastic buildings. Then passing, for relief, to another monastery at Corbie, he recovered his health, through the intercession of St. Adalhard, the patron saint of the place, as he piously believed; though a less perfect faith might have been tempted to ascribe the cure to the active employments in the open air in which the abbot of Corbie compelled him to engage.

With restored health, Mabillon was next transferred, by the commands of his superior, to the royal abbey of St. Denys; there to act as curator of the treasures which the profaneness of a later age has scattered to the winds. This was no light trust. Amidst countless monuments of the illustrious dead, and of the greatness of the French monarchy, the collection contained one of the arms in which the aged Simeon had raised the infant Jesus in the temple; and the very hand which the sceptical Thomas had stretched out to touch the wounded side of his risen Lord!

It was just one year before the birth of Mabillon, that the congregation of St. Maur had taken possession of the monastery of St. Germain des Près at Paris. At the time of his arrival at St. Denys, Dom Luc d'Achery, a Benedictine monk, was engaged at St. Germain's, in one of those gigantic undertakings to which Benard had invited his fraternity. It was a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters, and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in them either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings (for they were published under the name of *Spicilegium*) extend over thirteen quarto volumes. Such, however, were the bodily infirmities of the compiler, that, during forty-five years, he had never been able to quit the infirmary. There he soothed his occasional intermissions of pain and study, by weaving chaplets of flowers for the embellishment of the altars of the church of St. Germain's.

For the relief of this venerable scholar, Mabillon, then in his thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn from his charge of St. Denys to St. Germain's, where he passed the whole of his remaining life in the execution of that series of works which have placed his name at the head of the competitors for the palm of erudition in what was once the most erudite nation of the world, at the period of her greatest eminence in learning. The commencement of his fame was laid in a demeanor still more admirable for self-denial, humility, and loving kindness. To mitigate the sufferings of D'Achery, and to advance his honor, had become the devoted purpose of his affectionate assistant. Taking his seat at the feet of the old man, Mabillon humored his weakness, stole away his lassitude, and became at once his servant, his secretary, his friend, and his confessor. From the resources of his far deeper knowledge, guided by his much larger capacity, he enabled D'Achery to complete his *Spicilegium*—generously leaving him in possession of the undivided honor of that contribution to the literary wealth of France

Nor was this the greatest of his self-sacrifices in thus gratifying the feelings of the aged antiquarian. Benard and the other brethren of the congregation had, from their first settlement at St. Germain, meditated a complete history of their order. During forty successive years they had accumulated for the purpose a body of materials of such variety and magnitude as to extinguish the hopes and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men. Having found at length in Mabillon one fitted to "grapple with whole libraries," they committed to him the Titanic labor of hewing out of those rude masses, an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict and of his spiritual progeny. He undertook the task, in the spirit of obedience and of love. In the printed circular letters with which he solicited the aid of the learned, he joined the name of D'Achery to his own; and kept alive the same friendly fiction, by uniting their names in the title-page of every volume of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, which appeared in D'Achery's lifetime.

The literary annals of France, though abounding in prodigies, record nothing more marvellous than the composition of that book by a single man, in the midst of other labors of almost equal magnitude. From the title alone it might be inferred that it was a mere collection of religious biographies; and, if such had been the fact, they who are the deepest read in Roman Catholic hagiology would probably prefer the perusal of the writers of ordinary romance; since, with less irreverence for sacred things, they are usually more entertaining, and not less authentic. For in recording the lives of those whom it is the pleasure of the church to honor, her zealous children regard every incident redounding to their glory, as resting on so firm and broad a basis of antecedent probability, as to supersede the necessity for any positive evidence;—nay, as to render impious the questioning of such testimonies as may be cited, even when most suspicious and equivocal. This argument from probability is especially insisted on, when any occurrences are alleged as miraculous—that is, as improbable—for, if probable, they cease to be miracles. Of these probable improbabilities, few writers are better persuaded and more profuse than Mabillon.

But apart from the extravagancies of his monkish legends, and in despite of them all, Mabillon's book will live in perpetual honor and remembrance as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; and, therefore, though incidentally, respecting the secular condition and intellectual character of mankind during that period. In those nine folios lie, in orderly method and chronological arrangement, vast accumulations of authentic facts, of curious documents, and of learned disquisitions; like some rich geological deposit, from which the genius of history may hereafter raise up and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institutions, habits, and opinions which have been trans-

mitted from those remote generations to our own. Thence also may be readily disinterred picturesque narratives without end; and inexhaustible disclosures both of the strength and of the weakness of the human heart.

Nor will this knowledge be found in the state of rude and unorganized matter. Mabillon was not a mere compiler; but was also a learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order. When emancipated from the shackles of human authority, he knew how to take a wide survey of the affairs of men, and could sketch their progress from age to age with a free and powerful hand. To each volume which he lived to complete, he attached a prefatory review of the epoch to which it referred; and those *Prolegomena*, if republished in a detached form, would constitute such a review of the ecclesiastical history of that perplexing period, as no other writer has yet given to the world. It would, indeed, be a review based throughout upon assumptions which the Protestant churches with one voice contradict. But if, for the immediate purpose, those assumptions were conceded, the reader of such a work would find himself in possession of all the great controversies which agitated the Christian world during several centuries; and of the best solutions of which they are apparently susceptible. Nor is it an insignificant addition to their other merits, that the Latin in which these ponderous tomes are written, if often such as Cicero would have rejected, is yet better adapted than the purest Ciceronian style, for the easy and unambiguous communication of thought in modern times—the phraseology and the grammar, those of the court of Augustus; the idioms and structure of the sentences, not seldom those of the court of Louis Quatorze.

In the reign of that most orthodox prince, to have given assent to any fact on which the church had not set the seal of her infallibility, was hazardous; much more so to dissent from any fact which her authority has sanctioned. Yet even this heavy charge was preferred against Mabillon by some of his Benedictine brethren, before a general chapter of the order. Among the saints of whom the fraternity boasted, there were some whose relation to the order he had disputed; some whose claims to having lived and died in the odor of sanctity he had rejected; some whose very existence he had denied. So at least we understand the accusation. His antagonists maintained that it was culpable, thus to sacrifice the edification of the faithful to a fastidious regard for historical evidence; and injurious, so to abandon a part of the glories of their society, which, by mere silence, might have been maintained inviolate. Among those who invoked the censure of their superiors on the reckless audacity of Mabillon's critical inquiries, the foremost was Don Philippe Bastide; and to him Mabillon addressed a defence, in every line of which his meekness and his love of truth beautifully balance and sustain each other.

I have ever been persuaded, he says, that in claiming for their order honors not justly due to it monastic men offend against the modesty of the gospel as grievously as any person who arrogates to himself individually a merit to which he is not really entitled. To pretend that this is allowable because the praise is desired, not for the monk himself, but for his order, seems to me no better than a specious pretext for the disguise of vanity. Though disposed to many faults, I must declare that I have ever had an insuperable aversion to this; and that therefore I have been scrupulous in inquiring who are the saints really belonging to my own order. It is certain that some have been erroneously attributed to it, either from the almost universal desire of extolling, without bounds, the brotherhood of which we are members, or on account of some obscurity in the relations which have been already published. The most upright of our writers have made this acknowledgment; nor have the fathers Yebetz and Menard hesitated to reduce the number of our saints by omitting those whom they thought inadmissible. I thought myself also entitled to make a reasonable use of this freedom; though with all the caution which could be reconciled with reverence for truth. I commit the defence of my work to the Divine Providence. It was not of my own will that I engaged on it. My brethren did me the honor to assign the task to me; and if they think it right, I shall cheerfully resign the completion of it to any one whose zeal may be at once more ardent and more enlightened than my own.

In the Benedictine conclave the cause of historical fidelity triumphed, though not without a long and painful discussion. In proof of the touching candor which Mabillon exhibited as a controversialist, we are told that he spontaneously published one of the many dissertations against his book, to manifest his esteem and affection for the author of it. But before subscribing to this eulogium, one would wish to examine the arrow which he thus winged for a flight against his own bosom. Recluse as he was, he was a Frenchman still; and may have quietly enjoyed a little pleasantry even at the expense of a friend—for he was a man of a social spirit, and not altogether unskilled in those arts by which society is amused and animated.

The sick chamber of D'Achery was, however, the only *salon* in which he could exert these talents. There, for the gratification of his aged friend, and doubtless for his own, he was accustomed on certain evenings to entertain a circle of scholars devoted, like themselves, to antiquarian researches. The hotels of Paris in his day were thronged with more brilliant assemblies—even as, in our own times, *réunions* of greater aristocratic dignity have adorned that Faubourg of St. Germain in which these gatherings of the learned took place. But neither the Bourbon lilies nor the imperial eagles ever protected a society more distinguished by the extent and depth of the knowledge they were able to interchange. In that ill-furnished dormitory of the decrepid monk, might be seen Du Cange, reposing for a moment from his scrutiny into all the languages and histories of mankind; and Baluze, rich in inexhaustible stores of feudal and ecclesiastical learning; and D'Herbelot, unrivalled in

oriental literature; and Fleury, in whom the Church of Rome reveres the most perfect of her annalists; and Adrian de Valois, whose superlative skill in deciphering the remains of the first dynasties of France was so amusingly combined with almost equal skill in finding fault with his own generation, as to provoke an occasional smile even in the most thoughtful of those grave countenances; and, more eminent than all these, Fénelon, then basking in the noon of royal favor, and Bossuet, in the meridian of his genius, who both, if not habitual guests at the monastery, lived in an affectionate confidence with Mabillon, which they were unable to maintain with each other.

Nor were these the only relations which he had formed with the world beyond his convent walls. The Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, and the chroniclers of the Carthusian and Cistercian fraternities, solicited his aid in their various literary pursuits. Leibnitz appealed to him for intelligence regarding the house of Brunswick; and even Madame de la Vallière sued for his interest to procure for one of her kindred advancement in that world from which she had herself retired to penitential solitude. Like other luminaries in the same literary firmament, he was now followed by his attendant satellites; nor was his orbit seldom disturbed by the too close vicinity of the bodies amidst which he was constrained to pass.

The theological, or rather the conventual, world was at that time agitated by a controversy, in which the great eulogist of the Benedictine saints could not have declined to interfere without some loss of honor and some abandonment of the cause of which he had become the illustrious advocate. It related to the authorship of the treatise "*De Imitatione Christi*,"—of all uninspired writings incomparably the most popular, if the popularity of books may be inferred from the continuance and extent of their circulation. That it was written, either in the fourteenth, or at the commencement of the fifteenth, century, was a well-ascertained fact; and that the author was a monk might be confidently inferred from internal evidence. But was he Thomas à Kempis, one of the regular canons of Mont Saint Agnes, near Zwol? or was he the Benedictine Jean Gersen? This was the point at issue; and with what learning, zeal, and perseverance it was debated, is well known to all the curious in such matters; and may be learned by others from the notice prefixed by Thuilliers to his edition of the posthumous works of Mabillon. It is only so far as his pen was diverted from its Cyclopean toils by this protracted warfare, that we are concerned with it at present.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, a Flemish printer, then living at Paris, (Jodocus Badius Ascentius was his Latinized name,) published two editions of the *De Imitatione*, in which Thomas, of the village of Kemp, in the diocese of Cologne, was, for the first time, announced as the author. Francis de Tol, or Tob, a German, in two other editions, followed this example; and was himself followed by Sommatius, a Jesuit, in reli-

ance, as he said, on certain manuscripts of the work in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, then to be seen at Antwerp and Louvain.

But in the year 1616, Constantine Cajitano, a Benedictine monk, published at Rome another edition, in the title-page of which Gersen was declared to be the author; partly on the authority of a manuscript at the Jesuit's College at Arona, and partly in deference to the judgment of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Round Cajitano rallied all the champions of the Gersenian cause. The partisans of Thomas à Kempis found an equally zealous leader in the person of Rosweid, a Jesuit. Bellarmine, himself a member of the same company, was, as the Kempists maintained, induced by Rosweid to abandon the Gersenian standard. The Benedictines, on the contrary, assert that the cardinal gave in his adhesion to their adversaries only by pronouncing the words, "As you will," in order to silence the importunities with which the anxious Kempists were disturbing his dying bed.

Whatever the fact may be regarding Bellarmine's latest opinion, the next chieftain who appears on this battle-field is Francis Waldegrave; who, with true English pertinacity and party spirit, traversed the continent, to bring up to Cajitano a vast reinforcement of manuscripts, pictures, and other proofs collected from all the German, Swiss, and Italian abbeys. Missiles from either side darkened the air; when, between the combatants, appeared the majestic form of Richelieu himself, who, having employed the royal press at the Louvre to print off a new edition of the *De Imitatione*, enjoyed the honor of being solicited by the disputants on either side for his authoritative suffrage; and had the pleasure of disappointing both, by maintaining to the last a dignified neutrality.

On the death of Rosweid, the commander of the Kempists, his bâton passed to Fronteau, a regular canon, who signalized his accession to the command by a work called "*Thomas Vindicatus*." This, for the first time, drew into the field the congregation of St. Maur, who, by their champion, Dom Quatremaire, threw down the gauntlet in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "*Gersen Assertus*." It was taken up by the Jesuit, George Hesel, the author of what he called "*Dioptra Kempensis*." That blow was parried by Quatremaire, in a publication to which he gave the title of "*Gersen iterum Assertus*." And then the literary combatants were both surprised and alarmed to learn that the *Prévôt* of Paris considered their feud as dangerous to the peace of that most excitable of cities; and that they could no longer be permitted to shed ink with impunity in the cause of either claimant.

Thus the controversy was transferred to the safe arbitrement of Harlay, the archbishop of that see; who, having no other qualification for the task than the dignity he derived from his mitre, convened at his palace a solemn council of the learned, which, under his own presidency, was to investigate the pretensions of Thomas and of Gersen. Of this conclave, Mabillon was a member; and, after much deliberation, they pronounced a sentence which

affirmed the title of Gersen to the honor of having written this ever-memorable treatise.

An ultimate appeal to public opinion lies against all adjudications, let who will be the author of them; and in due season the Father Testelette made that appeal against the decision of the archiepiscopal palace, in the form of a book entitled "*Vindiciæ Kempenses*," which drew from Mabillon his "*Animadversiones*" on the argument of Testelette. A truce of ten years followed; after which another council was held, under the presidency of Du Cange; and although they pronounced no formal sentence, yet the general inclination and tendency of their opinions appears to have been hostile to the claims of Gersen—which have ever since been regarded by the best judges with suspicion, if not with disfavor.

Agitated by this vehement dispute, and mourning the silence of her infallible head, the Roman Catholic Church were at length rejoiced to repose in the oracular dictum of St. Francis de Sales, who declared that the authorship was to be ascribed neither to Thomas à Kempis nor to Gersen, but to Him by whose inspiration the Scriptures themselves had been written!

It is probably on account of the darkness of the regions through which they pass, that the pens of antiquarians, philologists, and theologians are so much used as belligerent weapons. Though the most peaceful of mankind, Mabillon, while waging war with the Kempists on one flank, was engaged in a contest not less arduous with the Bollandists on the other. Papebroch, one of the most learned of that learned body, had published a book on the art of verifying the charters and other ancient public acts deposited in the various archives of Europe. In 1681, Mabillon answered him in a treatise "*De Re Diplomaticâ*." After laying down rules for distinguishing the false instruments from the true—rules derived from the form of the character, the color of the ink, the nature of the penmanship, the style and orthography of the instrument, the dates, seals, and subscriptions—he proceeded to show, *by more than 200 examples*, how his laws might be applied as a test; and how, by the application of that test, the manuscripts on which Papebroch chiefly relied might be shown to be valueless. Whatever may be thought of the interest of this dispute, (which, however, involves questions of the very highest practical importance,) no one probably will read with indifference the answer of Papebroch to his formidable antagonist:—

"I assure you," he says, "that the only satisfaction which I retain in having written at all on this subject is, that it has induced you to write so consummate a work. I confess that I felt some pain when I first read it, at finding myself refuted in a manner so conclusive. But the utility and the beauty of your treatise have at length got the better of my weakness; and in the joy of contemplating the truth exhibited in a light so transparent, I called on my fellow-student here to partake of my own admiration. You need have no difficulty, therefore, in stating publicly, whenever it may fall in your

way, that I entirely adopt and concur in your opinions."

While Papebroch, thus gracefully lowering his lance, retired from the lists, they were entered by Father Germon, another Jesuit; who, armed with two duodecimo volumes, undertook to subvert the new Benedictine science. His main assault was aimed at the assumption pervading Mabillon's book, that the authenticity and the authority of an ancient charter were the same. He suggested that forgery was a very wide-spread art, and had probably flourished with peculiar vigor in remote and ignorant ages. Mabillon was content to reply that throughout his extensive researches, he had never found a proof of any such imposture. His disciples assailed the sceptical Germon by far more elaborate hostilities. In one form or another the dispute has descended to our own times. At the commencement of it, in the seventeenth century, in France, it yielded, (as what French dispute will not yield?) some choice entertainment. The Jesuit, Hardouin, anticipating our contemporary, Strauss, resolved all these ancient instruments, and with them a large part of the remains of antiquity, into so many monkish and mythical inventions. Thus, he declared that the odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery; and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Whither such theories tended Hardouin clearly enough perceived; but he sheltered himself by offering up his thanks to God that he had been denied all human faith, in order (as he said) that the total want of it might improve and strengthen his divine faith. Boileau's remark on the occasion was still better: "I have no great fancy for monks," he said, "yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom Virgil."

Father Anacreon might have been recognized by the great satirist in the person of the reverend Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who, having been appointed, at the age of ten, to a canonry at Notre Dame, became, in less than three years afterwards, the author of a new edition of the Anacreontic Odes—a work of undoubted merit in its way; though it must not be concealed that the young canon was happy in the possession of a learned tutor, as well as of powerful patrons; for Richelieu was his godfather and kinsman, Bossuet his friend, Marie de Medicis his protector, Francis de Harlay (afterwards Archbishop of Paris) the associate of his youthful revels, and De Retz his instructor in intrigue and politics. Eminent alike in the field and at the Sorbonne, De Rancé would occasionally throw aside his hunting frock for his cassock—saying to Harlay, "Je vais ce matin prêcher comme un ange, ce soir chasser comme un diable." The pupil of the coadjutor was, of course, however, an eyesore and an offence to Mazarin; and being banished by him to Verret, this venerable archdeacon and doctor in divinity (such were then his dignities) converted his chateau there into so luxurious a retreat, that the cardinal himself might have looked with envy on the exile.

The spirit of this extraordinary churchman was,

however, destined to undergo a change, immediate, final and complete. De la Roque relates that having hurried to an interview with a lady of whom he was enamored, he found her stretched in her shroud—a disfigured corpse. Marsollier's story is, that his life was saved by the rebound of a musket-ball from a pouch attached to his shooting belt. It is agreed on all sides that, under the deep emotion excited by some such startling occurrence, he retired from the world, and became first the founder, and then the abbé, of the monastery of La Trappe, of the Cistercian Order, where he remained till his death. During the forty intervening years, he was engaged in solving the problem—what are the maxima of self-inflicted mortifications which, in the transit through this world to the next, it is possible to combine with the minima of innocent self-gratifications?

While occupied in this rueful inquiry, it happened that De Rancé lighted on a treatise which Mabillon had recently published under the title of "*Traité des Etudes monastiques*." To M. de la Trappe it appeared that the book was designed as an indirect attack on himself and his community; and he made his appeal to the world he had abandoned, in a publication, entitled "*Réponse au Traité des Etudes monastiques*." In reluctant obedience to the commands of his spiritual superiors, Mabillon published "*Reflexions sur la Réponse de M. l'Abbe de la Trappe*," which drew from De Rancé another volume, entitled "*Eclaircissements sur la Réponse*," &c., and there the controversy ended.

When one of two disputants plants his foot on the terra firma of intelligible utility, and the other is upborne by the shifting, dark and shapeless clouds of mysticism, it is impossible for any witness of the conflict to trace distinctly either the progress of it or the result. It may, however, be in general reported of this debate that, according to the Benedictine arguments, he best employs the leisure of a religious state, who most successfully devotes it to the diffusion among mankind of divine and human knowledge; while, according to the Trappist, such labors are at best but the fulfilment of the written, positive, and categorical commands of Scripture or of the Church—an obedience of incomparably less excellency than that which is due from those communities, or from those individuals, who are called to the state of sinless perfection; for to them it is given, not merely or chiefly to conform to absolute rules of duty, but to listen to those inarticulate suggestions which, from the sanctuary of the Divine presence, descend into the sanctuary of the human heart, and to dwell amidst those elevations of soul to which such heaven-born impulses are designed to conduct them.

They who thus contended could never come within the reach of each other's weapons. But Mabillon and De Rancé could never get beyond the reach of each other's love. After the close of the debate they met at La Trappe; and separated—not without much unreserved and affectionate in-

tercourse—each in possession of his own opinion, and of his antagonist's esteem. The sentences of Innocent XII. and Clement XI., awarded the victory to the author of "*Les Etudes monastiques*;" and without the gift of infallibility, the same result might with safety have been predicted, from the different tempers in which the controversialists had encountered each other. Mabillon descended to the contest in the panoply of a humble, truth-loving spirit. De Rancé (if we may rely on those who knew him well) was not emancipated, even in his retreat, from that enervating thirst for human sympathy which had distinguished him in the world. His disputations and his self-tormentings, are both supposed to have been deeply tinged by his constitutional vanity; and it was believed that he would have been far less assiduous in digging his grave and macerating his flesh, if the pilgrimage to La Trappe had not become a rage at Paris; and if the *salons* there had not been so curious for descriptions of that living sepulchre, that the very votaries of pleasure were sometimes irretrievably drawn, by a kind of suicidal fascination, within those gates impervious to all sublunary delights, and scarcely visited by the light of day.

From the depths of his humility Mabillon gathered courage. In his days the altars of the church were everywhere hallowed by the relics of saints and martyrs; of which the catacombs at Rome afforded an inexhaustible supply. To watch over this precious deposit, and to discriminate the spurious article from the true, was the peculiar office of a congregation selected for that purpose from the sacred college. But though the skill and the integrity of cardinals were remote from all suspicion, who could answer for the good faith of their subordinate agents, and what was the security that the *Dulia* appropriate to the bones of the blessed, might not be actually rendered to the skeletons of the ungodly?

When teaching the art of discriminating between the osseous remains of different mammalia, Cuvier never displayed a more edifying seriousness, than was exhibited by Mabillon in laying down the laws which determine whether any given bone belonged of yore to a sinner or a saint. The miracle-working criterion, though apparently the best of all, being rejected silently, and not without very good reasons, Eusebius Romanus (such was his incognito on this occasion) addressed to Theophilus Gallus a letter, "*De Cultu ignotorum Sanctorum*," in which he discussed the sufficiency of three other tests. First, he inquired, are we sure of the sanctity of a bone extracted from a sepulchre on which an anagram of the name of Christ is sculptured in the midst of palms and laurels? The answer is discouraging; because it is a well ascertained fact, that the body of one Flavia Jovina was found in this precise predicament, and yet she was a simple neophyte. Then, secondly, are we safe if a vase stained with blood be also found in the tomb? Nothing more secure—if only we could be quite certain that the stain was sanguineous, and was not produced by the perfumes which the ancients were accustomed to

heap up in such vessels. But, thirdly, what if the word "*Martyr*" be engraven on the stone? In that case, all doubt would be at an end, were it not for a sophistical doctrine of *equivalents* which the relic dealers have propagated. Thus, for example, at the abbey of St. Martin, at Pontoise, the devout had long been honoring the corpse of one Ursinus, in the quiet belief that the words of his sepulchral inscription were *equivalent* to a declaration of martyrdom, whereas, on inquiry, it turned out that they were really as follows: "*Here lies Ursinus, who died on the 1st of June, after living with his wife Leontia 20 years and 6 months, and in the world 49 years, 4 months, and 3 days.*" Thus his only recorded martyrdom was the endurance of Leontia's conjugal society for twenty years and upwards.

Abandoning then all these guides, whither are we to look for assurance as to the title of a relic to the veneration of the faithful? To this grave inquiry, the learned Benedictine gravely answers as follows: Be sure that the alleged saint has been authentically proved to have been a saint. Be sure that his sanctity was established, not merely by baptism, but by some illustrious deeds, attested either by tradition or by certain proofs. Above all, be sure that the apostolic see has ordained that homage be rendered to his remains. Admirable canons, doubtless. Yet to an unenlightened Protestant, it would seem that they afford no solution of the problem—Did this jawbone before which we are kneeling, sustain, while yet in life and action, the teeth of a martyr, or the teeth of one of those by whom martyrs were slain, or the teeth of any one else?

To assert that any such question was debatable at all before the tribunal of human reason, was, however, an overt act of liberalism, which Mabillon was of course required to expiate. Long and anxious were the debates in the congregation of the Index, whether the book should not be condemned, and the temerity of the author rebuked; nor would that censure have been averted, but for the interference of the pope in person; who made himself sponsor for the willingness of Eusebius to explain in a new edition whatever might be thought objectionable in the first. The pledge was redeemed accordingly; and then the letter "*De Cultu sanctorum Ignotorum*" was not only acquitted of reproach by that sacred college, but even honored with their emphatic approbation.

Mabillon gave a yet more decisive proof that he was not blinded to truth by any extravagant scepticism. In his days, as in our own, there was living a M. Thiers, a man of singular talents, and of no less remarkable courage; who had accused the Benedictine fathers of Vendôme of an egregious imposture, in exhibiting at their convent one of those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus when he wept at the grave of Lazarus. An angel (such was the legend) had treasured it up, and given it to Mary, the sister of the deceased. It passed some centuries afterwards to the treasury of relics at Constantinople; and was bestowed

by some Greek emperor upon some German mercenaries in reward for some services to his crown. They placed it in the abbey of Frisingen, whence it was conveyed by the Emperor Henry III., who transferred it to his mother-in-law, Agnes of Anjou, the foundress of the monastery of Vendôme, where she deposited it. Mabillon threw the shield of his boundless learning round this tradition; maintaining that the genuineness of the relic might at least be reasonably presumed from the admitted facts of the case; that it had a prescriptive claim to the honors it received; and that his brethren ought to be left in peaceable enjoyment of the advantages they derived from the exhibition in their church at Vendôme of the Holy Tear of Bethany.

Passing from fables too puerile for the nursery, to inquiries which have hitherto perplexed the senate, Mabillon undertook to explain the right principles of prison discipline, in a work entitled "*Réflexions sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux*." He insisted, that, by a judicious alternation and mixture of solitude, labor, silence, and devotion, it was practicable to render the gaol a school for the improvement of its unhappy inmates, in social arts and in moral character. After discussing to what extent solitary confinement would be consistent with the mental and bodily health of the sufferers, and how far the rigor of punishment ought to be mitigated by exercise and active employments, he concludes as follows:—

To return to the prison of St. Jean Climaque. A similar place might be established for the reception of penitents. There should be in such a place several cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop, in which the prisoners might be employed at some useful work. To each cell also might be attached a little garden, to be thrown open to the prisoner at certain hours, for the benefit of labor, and exercise in the open air. They should attend public worship, at first in a separate lodge or compartment, and afterwards in the choir with the congregation at large, so soon as they should have passed the earlier stages of penal discipline, and given proofs of penitence. Their diet should be coarse and poor, and their fasts frequent. They should receive frequent exhortation, and the master of the gaol, either in person or by deputy, should from time to time see them in private, at once to console and to strengthen them. Strangers should not be permitted to enter the place, from which all external society should be strictly excluded. Once establish this, and so far from such a retirement appearing horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the greater number of the prisoners would scarcely regret their confinement, even if it were for life. I am aware that all this will be considered as a vision of some new Atlantis; but let the world say or think what it may, it would be easy to render prisons more tolerable and more useful, if men were but disposed to make the attempt.

So wrote a Benedictine monk in the age and kingdom of Louis XIV. The honor which one of his biographers, M. de Malan, challenges for him, of being the very earliest of those who have addressed themselves to this difficult subject in the

spirit of philanthropy and wisdom, is strictly his due. To the enlightened reformer of prisons may be cheerfully forgiven his sacred osteology, and even his defence of the Holy Tear of Vendôme. Though in bondage to the prejudices of his own age, he was able to break through the bonds which have shackled so many powerful minds, in later and more enlightened times.

In the midst of these and similar employments, Mabillon had reached his sixty-second year, but the great project of his life was still unfinished and unattempted. In the belief that the end of his days was drawing near, he desired to consecrate them to a devout preparation for death. But being roused to the task by the instances of Renaudôt and Baluze, and his affectionate pupil Ruinart, he engaged, with all the ardor of youth, in collecting materials for his long-meditated history of the Benedictine Order. In studying and methodizing the vast collections at his disposal, the aged scholar displayed, though without a shade of scepticism, an acuteness which the subtlest sceptic might have envied, and, without a tinge of philosophy, a luminousness of mind worthy of the most illustrious philosopher.

At that period the more ardent sons of the church regarded her as no less infallible when she asserted historical facts, than when she proclaimed dogmatic truths. On the other hand, the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, Du Pin, Richard Simon, and even the great Arnould, had presumed to interrogate ecclesiastical traditions, and to controvert the authority of popes and synods, fathers and saints, whenever it touched on topics beyond the articles of the Christian faith. This audacious freedom was rebuked by the contemptuous and withering eloquence of Bossuet; and Mabillon presented himself as the great living model of an historian, employing the most profound and varied knowledge, under the severe restraints of this intellectual docility. By day and by night he labored, during the last fourteen years of his life, on the annals of his order; without so much as a solitary departure from the implicit submission which he yielded to the church, as to all matters of fact attested either by her own authoritative voice, or by the decision of her accredited doctors. The result was, that, instead of a history of what had actually occurred, he produced a chronicle, from which it may be learnt what are the occurrences, the belief of which the church has sanctioned, or has silently left to the investigation of her obedient annalists.

It is, however, a book which irresistible evidence establishes, and which without such evidence could not be believed, to be the work of a single man between his sixty-second and seventy-sixth years. It comprises a biography of the Benedictine saints in a form more compendious than that of his *Acta Sanctorum*. It contains an account of every other illustrious member of the order. It includes a careful review of every book written by any eminent Benedictine author. All the grants and charters under which the property

and privileges of their monasteries were held, are recapitulated and abridged in it. Finally, it embraces a description of all their sepulchral and other ancient monuments.

Five folio volumes of this vast compilation were finished, and the last was about to appear, when the life and labors of Mabillon were brought to a painful and a sudden, though not an immature termination. Ruinart meditated, though in vain, the completion of the work. He lifted (perhaps unwisely) the veil which would otherwise have concealed the last fearful agonies of its great author. He has, however, shown, with the most artless and genuine pathos, how the tortures of the body were soothed and dignified by the faith, the hope, and the serenity of soul of the sufferer. With no domestic ties and no worldly ambition to bind him to earth, and no anxious forebodings to overcast the prospect before him, he entertained the last enemy as a messenger of good tidings, and a herald of approaching joy and freedom; and then breathed out his spirit in an unhesitating affiance on Him, whom, beneath the shade of many superstitions and the burthen of many errors, he had loved and trusted, and obeyed from childhood to the grave.

Mabillon was a perfect model of monastic perfection; and however much inferior the produce of the conservatory may be to those hardier plants which germinate amidst the frosts and the scorplings of the unsheltered day, yet they have a value and a delicacy peculiarly their own. He had quitted the world without a sigh, and probably never breathed a sigh to return to it. If compelled to revisit and to tread the highways of mankind, he would have resembled the lifelong prisoner of an aviary, driven out to the bleak uplands for shelter. Meekly bowing his head to "Holy Obedience," he yielded himself, without reluctance, to be moulded into whatever form the "Genius of the place" might prescribe. Nor was this a painful sacrifice. The graces of the cloister—docility, devotion, and self-discipline, were his by an antenatal predestination. Mabillon lived and died in an uninterrupted subjection to positive laws and forms of man's devising. Even in his interior life, rule and habit exercised an inflexible dominion over him. He worshipped indeed with fervent piety, but with a mechanical exactness of ceremonial, time, and place, as might seem, to a careless self-observer, fatal to the life of spiritual exercises. To his daily routine of divine offices were added other forms of private worship, scarcely less immutable; of which some were appropriate to his entrance on any literary work—some to the arrival of the first proof sheet from the press—and some to the commencement of the studies of each succeeding day.

To this constitutional and acquired acquiescence in the will of his superiors and the rules of his convent, was added the most profound lowliness of spirit. "Permit me, sire," said Le Tellier, the Archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., "to present to your majesty Dom Mabillon, the most

learned man in your majesty's dominions." "Sire," rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, "the archbishop might also have said the most humble man in France." It is supposed that the plumage of the eagle of Meaux was not a little ruffled by the superlative adjective which derogated from his own claims to the first place among men of learning. But the applauses both of the archbishop and of the bishop, in whatever temper given, were perfectly just. The proofs of Mabillon's learning are, at this moment, among the noblest monuments of the age of Louis XIV. The proofs which his eulogists adduce of his humility have not been very judiciously selected.

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. But the great Benedictine neither entertained nor suggested a truth, when among titled men, and learned men, and superficial pretenders to knowledge; he bore himself as if he had been undeserving of their notice, and unworthy to communicate with them on equal terms. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility; which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanor. This part of Mabillon's portrait has been ill drawn; because the artists drew rather from a false image in their own minds, than from the great original.

In the conventual merit of bodily self-discipline, so far as it could be reconciled with his studious habits, Mabillon was emulous of the Trappists. His food, sleep, clothing, warmth, and social intercourse, and other personal gratifications, were measured by the indispensable exigencies of nature; and his admirers describe his austere mortifications of the flesh with the fond delight of a Hindoo recounting his sacred legends of the spontaneous endurance of more than human sufferings. "Holy Obedience" dictated to her favorite child abasements and self-denials, which it is difficult to reconcile with decorum or with sincerity. If she had been wise, she would have summoned him to the nobler office of asserting that intellectual rank, and those claims to the reverence of mankind, which, like all the other good gifts of Providence, are designed for noble uses by the wise and gracious Author of them all.

Although the virtues of the convent, even in the person of Mabillon, excite but a reluctant admiration, and a still colder sympathy, yet his simple tastes, his devout spirit, and his affectionate nature, would, under a more genial discipline, have rendered his character as lovely, as his diligence, his critical sagacity, and the extent of his knowledge, were wonderful. For, soaring, in these respects, immeasurably above vulgar ascetics, he obeyed to the letter the command of his great pa-

triarch Benedict, and devoted every moment of his life to some useful and energetic occupation.

In these pursuits Mabillon was not merely an indefatigable student, but a laborious traveller. In his time the treasures of which he was insatiably covetous, were not accumulated in the Royal Library of Paris, but dispersed in the conventual, episcopal, and other public archives of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. The journeys necessary for examining them had all the terrors of an exploration of the Nile, to one whom (all Frenchman as he was) not even the enchanted gardens and terraces of Versailles had, during a period of twenty years, been able to seduce, for a single morning, from his seclusion at St. Germain des Près. But what antiquarian worthy of the name would be arrested by the Loire, the Meuse, the Rhine, or the Alps, when beyond these distant barriers a whole harem of virgin manuscripts wooed his embrace, glowing, like so many houries, with immortal youth, and rich in charms which increased with each revolving century? Sometimes alone, but more commonly attended by a Benedictine brother, he accomplished several *capitulary* or *diplomatic* tours through Flanders, Burgundy, Switzerland, the south of Germany, and the whole of the Italian peninsula. The earlier of those expeditions were made on foot, at the cost of his order; the later with the equipages becoming an agent of the grand monarch, employed by Colbert to collect or to transcribe manuscripts for his royal master. The results of these expeditions were various learned itineraries, (such as his "*Iter Burgundicum*" and his "*Museum Italicum*,") and a prodigious accession to the wealth of the royal library. His services were rewarded by Louis with a seat in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. But the whole republic of letters united to confer on the learned traveller honors far exceeding any at the disposal of the greatest of the kings of the earth.

His journeys, especially his Italian journey, resembled royal progresses rather than the unostentatious movements of a humble monk. Monasteries contended for the honor of entertaining him as their guest. Fêtes celebrated his arrival in the greater cities of Italy. His society and correspondence were courted by the learned, the great, and the fair. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Cardinals, and Queen Christina, vied in rendering courtesies to their illustrious visitor. At the Catacombs, at Loretto, at Clairvaux, and, above all, at Monte Casino, the devout assembled to witness and to partake of his devotions. All libraries flew open at his approach; nor did the revolutionary *savans* of France traverse the same regions, or examine the same repositories, with an authority comparable to that of the poor Benedictine, as he moved from one Italian state to another—powerless except in the lustre of his reputation, the singleness of heart with which he pursued his object, and the love with which he was regarded by all his associates.

In M. Valéry's three volumes will be found an ample and curious diary of Mabillon's Italian ex-

pedition. He commenced it on the 1st of April, 1685, having selected as his companion Dom Michel Germain, another member of the congregation of St. Maur. Germain had himself written some essays on monastic history; but his chief title to literary honors was derived from his having ministered to the production of the "*Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," and of the treatise "*De Re Diplomaticâ*."

The travellers had engaged to maintain a correspondence with four of their monastic associates. One of these was the faithful and affectionate Ruinart, of whom we already know something. Placide Porcheron, the next, seems to have been a member of the Dryasdust family, so celebrated by Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle; his two great performances being a commentary on an obscure geographical book of the 7th century, and notes on a Treatise on Education written by Basil the Macedonian, who, two hundred years later, had been Emperor of the Greeks. Claude Bretagne, the third of the committee of correspondence at Paris, was the author of some devotional works, but was more eminent as the intimate friend of Nicole, and as a companion of infinite grace and wit, and of the most captivating discourse. The last, Charles Bulteau, was not a monk, but "*Doyen des Secretaires du Roi*," and was famous for having, in that capacity, vindicated, with great learning, the supremacy of the King of France over the sovereigns of the Spanish monarchies.

When devout men, profound scholars, or still more profound antiquaries, engage in a prolonged epistolary intercourse, the reader is not without preconceptions of the mental aliment awaiting him. He has probably gone through some volumes in which Protestant divines interchange their religious experiences. The style in which Salmasius, Budæus, and Scaliger entertained their friends is not wholly unknown to him; and how the Spelmans of old, and the Whitakers of recent times, wrote their letters, may be learnt at the expense of a transient fatigue. But let no one address himself to M. Valéry's volumes, with the hope or the fear of being involved in any topics more sacred, more crabbed, or more antiquated than befits an easy chair, a winter's evening, and a fireside. Reading more pleasant, or of easier digestion, is hardly to be met with in the Parisian epistles of Grimm, Diderot, or La Harpe.

Our pilgrims first take up the pen at Venice. They had ransacked the Ambrosian Library, examined the Temple of Venus at Brescia, admired the amphitheatre at Verona, and visited the monastery of their order at Vicenza; though, observes Germain, "*Ni là ni ailleurs, nos moines ne nous ont pas fait goûter de leur vin*." Some gentlemen of the city having conducted them over it, "*Où ne saurait*," adds he, "*faire attention sur le mérite et les manières honnêtes de ces messieurs, sans réfléchir sur nos moines et admirer leur insensibilité. Aussi n'étudient ils pas; ils disent matins avant souper; ils mangent gras; portent du linge, pour ne rien dire du *peculium*, et de leur sortie seuls*."

In short, there is already peeping out, from behind our good Germain's cowl, one of those Parisian countenances on the quick movable lines of which flashes of subacid merriment are continually playing.

On reaching Florence, the migratory antiquarians form a new acquaintance, alike singular and useful, in the person of Magliabechi, the librarian of the grand duke. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favored, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom. The Medicæan Library was his study, his refectory, and his dormitory; though, except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing, by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair; his bed serving the while as an auxiliary book-stand. Fruit and salads were his fare; and when sometimes an anchovy was served up with them, the worthy librarian, in an absent mood, would not unfrequently mistake, and use it for sealing-wax. Partly from want of time, and partly from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, he would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintance have so attempted, that he would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst. Michel Germain describes him, as "Varillas multiplied by three." Now Menage tells us that happening once to say that every man was hit off by some passage or other in Martial, and having been challenged to prove it with respect to Varillas, he immediately quoted "*Dimidiasque nates Gallica palla tegit.*" Short indeed, then, must have been the skirts of Magliabechi, according to Germain's arithmetic.

His bibliographical appetite and digestion formed, however, a psychological phenomenon absolutely prodigious. Mabillon called him "*Museum inambulans, et viva quedam bibliotheca.*" Father Finardi, with greater felicity, said of him, "*Is unus bibliotheca magna,*" that being the anagram of his Latinized name, Antonius Magliabechius.

Having established a correspondence with this most learned savage, the Benedictines proceeded to Rome, where they were welcomed by Claude Estiennot, the procurator of their order at the papal court. He also devoted his pen to their entertainment. Light labor for such a pen! Within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom Le Cerf, "*réflexions très sensées et judicieuses;*" a praise which probably no other mortal was ever able to gainsay or to affirm.

Germain found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the galleys; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals, while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome, and answers, "*Chi parla è mandato in*

galera; chi scrive è impiccato; chi sta quieto va al sant' officio." Marforio had good cause for his hurry; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "*broke the priest's neck*" was merely his having said that "*the mare had knocked the snail out of its shell;*" in allusion to the fact of the pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. "*The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding,*" observes the reverend looker on.

He gathered other pleasant stories, at the expense of his holiness, and these heretical aspirants after a devotional repose of the soul. Some of them are not quite manageable in our more fastidious times, without the aid of a thicker veil than he chose to employ. For example, he tells of a Quietist bishop who, to escape an imaginary pursuit of the police, scaled the roof of his mansion in his night-dress, and so, running along the tops of the adjacent houses, unluckily made his descent through one of them into which he could not have entered, even in full canonicals and in broad day, without a grievous damage to his reputation. Then follows a fine buffo catastrophe, and when (says Germain) "*the whole reaches the ears of Nostro Signore, the holy man has a good laugh and orders the bishop to quit Rome without delay.*" Yet Germain himself breaks out into hot resentment against "*the wretched and abandoned Molinos,*" and proposes to Magliabechi (in seeming seriousness) to arrest the progress of the evil, by publishing a manuscript discovered in their Italian tour, from which it would appear that the bones of a wicked Bohemian lady, of the name of Guillemine, who, three centuries ago, propagated nearly the same enormities, were at length taken, with public execration, out of her grave, and scattered to the winds.

Molinos, however, was strong in the protection of Christina, who then dwelt at Rome. Her abandonment of the faith of her illustrious father, was accepted there, not only as a cover for a multitude of sins, but as an apology for the assumption of an independent authority beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Mabillon, accompanied by Germain, presented to her his book, "*De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ,*" in which, to her exceeding discontent, she found herself described as "*Serenissima.*" "*My name,*" she exclaimed, "*is Christina. That is eulogy enough. Never again call me, and admonish your Parisians never to call me, Serenissima.*" Germain left her with the fullest conviction that the epithet was altogether out of place; but "*after all,*" he says, "*she gave us free access to her library—the best thing she could do for us.*" So great were her privileges, or such the weakness of the lazy Innocent XI., that, as we learn from these letters, an offender on his way to prison, having laid hold on the bars of one of her windows as a sanctuary, was violently rescued by her servants, whereupon they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. Christina wrote to the judge to inform him, that if her

servants died any other than a natural death, *they should not die alone*. The judge complained to the pope; but his holiness laughed at the affair, and terminated it by sending her majesty a peace-offering, which she contemptuously handed over to the complainant.

Germain looked upon the religious observances of Rome with the eye of a French encyclopediste. He declares that the Romans burn before the Madonna and in their churches, more oil than the Parisians both burn and swallow. "Long live St. Anthony!" he exclaims, as he describes the horses, asses, and mules, all going, on the saint's festival, to be sprinkled with holy water and to receive the benediction of a reverend father. "All would go to ruin, say the Romans, if this act of piety were omitted. So nobody escapes paying toll on this occasion, not Nostro Signore himself." Then follows an account of a procession to St. Peter's on the reception of certain new converts, which is compressed into a single paragraph purposely long, intricate, and obscure; "a sentence," says Germain, "which I have drawn out to this length to imitate the ceremony itself." Soon after we meet him at the cemetery of Pontianus, "where," he observes, with all the mock gravity of Bayle, "there lie 50,263 martyrs, without counting the women and children. Each of us was allowed to carry off one of these holy bodies. That which fell to my share had been too big for the hole in which it was found. I had infinite trouble in disinterring it, for it was quite wet, and the holy bones were all squeezed and jammed together. I am still knocked up with the labor."

The pope himself fares no better than the ceremonies and relics of his church. "If I should attempt," he says, "to give you an exact account of the health of his holiness, I must begin with Ovid, 'In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.' At ten he is sick, at fifteen well again, at eighteen eating as much as four men, at twenty-four dropsical. They say he has vowed never to leave his room. If so, M. Struze declares that he can never get a dispensation, not even from himself, as his confinement will be, *de jure divino*. The unpleasant part of the affair is, that they say he has given up all thoughts of creating new cardinals, forgetting in his restored health the scruples he felt when sick; like other great sinners."

Indolent and hypochondriacal as he was, Innocent XI. had signalized himself, not only by the virtues which Burnet ascribes to him in his travels, but by two remarkable edicts. One of them, which could not be decorously quoted, regulated the appearance on the stage of certain classes of singers; the other, (under the penalties of six days' excommunication, and of incapacity for absolution, even in the article of death, save from the pope himself,) commanded all ladies to wear up to their chins, and down to their wrists, draperies *not transparent*. "The Queen of Spain," says our facetious Benedictine, "immediately had a new dress made, and sent it to her nuncio at Rome, to ascertain whether it tallied exactly with the ordinance, *fi*," he con-

tinues, (the inference is not very clear,) "one must allow that Spanish ladies have not as much delicacy as our own."

He has another story for the exhilaration of St. Germain des Près, at the expense of both pope and cardinals. A party of the sacred college were astounded, after dinner, by the appearance of an austere capuchin; who, as an unexpected addition to their dessert, rebuked their indolence and luxury, and their talkativeness even during high mass. Then, passing onwards to an inner chamber, the preacher addressed his holiness himself, on the sin of an inordinate solicitude about health—no inappropriate theme; for he was lying in the centre of four fires, and beneath the load of seven coverlets, having recently sustained a surgical operation; on which Germain remarks, that if it had taken place in summer, "it would have been all up with the holy man."

The Jesuits of course take their turn. At the table of the Cardinal Estrées, Mabilion and Germain meet the Father Couplet, who had passed thirty years in China. "I do not know," says Germain, "whether he was mandarin and mathematical apostle at the same time; but he told us that one of his brethren was so eminent an astrologer as to have been created a mandarin of the third class. He said that another of them was raising himself by contemplation to the third heaven, before actually going there. I have my doubts about his success. However, Father Couplet told us that he had a very numerous *Chretienité*. 'My *Chretienité*,' he frequently said, 'consists of more than 30,000 souls.' Do you believe his story, that there are forty millions of inhabitants in Pekin, and from two to three hundred millions in China at large? I do not."

This keen observer is not silent in the cold reception at Rome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The claims of Louis XIV. on behalf of the Gallican Church had abated much of the enthusiasm with which the measure would otherwise have been hailed. "Well," observes Germain, (one can see the rising of his shoulders as he writes,) "a hundred years ago they took a very different tone about the Huguenots. They not only offered public thanksgiving on their massacre by Charles IX., but hung the walls of the royal hall in the Vatican with pictures of the murder of Coligny, and of the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. They still form its chief ornaments."

Even when accompanying Mabilion on a pilgrimage to the cradle of their order at Monte Casino, Germain looks about him with the same esprit fort. "At the foot of the mountain," he says, "we found an inn, where we learned to fast, as we got nothing but some cabbages which I could not eat, some nuts, and one apple for our supper. Then we paid thirty francs for a wretched bed, which we divided between us, in the midst of bugs and fleas." On the next day they luckily fell in with the vicar-general of the Barnabites, a Frenchman, from whom (he says) "we got some cheese and preserves, and finally, a glass of *Lachryma*;

as he told us, to strengthen the stomach. Reaching at length the mansion of the Abbé of Monte Casino, he made a fête for us, and bore witness to our excellent appetites."

Mabillon's devotion at the tomb of his patriarch is described as deep, fervent, and protracted. Germain sends to their friend Porcheron, a picturesque account of the dress and aspect of the monks, an enthusiastic description of the library, a very pretty sketch of the adjacent country, with a graphic representation of the church and the ceremonial observed in it; and promises his correspondent "to say a mass for him at the foot of Benedict's tomb." With the exception of that assurance, (whether grave or gay it is not easy to determine,) the whole letter might have been written by Miss Martineau, and would have done no discredit even to her powers of converting her readers into her fellow-travellers.

Such of the letters comprised in this collection as are written by Mabillon himself, relate exclusively to the duties of his mission, and are grave and simple, though perhaps too elaborately courteous. In the last volume are some contributions from Quesnel, whose singular fate it is to have been censured by the pope, Clement XI., and eulogized by De Rancé the Trappist, by La Chaise the Jesuit, by Voltaire the wit, and by Cousin the philosopher. The pleasantries of Michael Germain and the freedoms of Estiennot, are far from being the best things in M. Valéry's book. We have selected them rather as being the most apposite to our immediate purpose.

In this correspondence three of the most eminent of the congregation of St. Maur transmit from Italy such intelligence and remarks as appear to them best adapted to interest other three of the most eminent of their brotherhood at Paris. If the table-talk of the refectory at St. Germain des Prés was of the same general character, the monks there had no better title to the praise of an ascetic social intercourse, than the students or the barristers in the halls of Christ Church, or of Lincoln's Inn. It would be difficult to suppose an appetite for gossip more keen, or more luxuriously gratified.

The writers and the receivers of these letters were all men devoted by the most sacred vows to the duties of the Christian priesthood; yet in a confidential epistolary intercourse, extending through eighteen successive months, no one of them utters a sentiment, or discusses a question, from which it could be gathered that he sustained any religious office, or seriously entertained any religious belief whatever. It may be that our Protestant divines occasionally transgress the limits within which modesty should confine the disclosure, even to the most intimate friends, of the interior movements of a devout spirit. But all hail to our Doddridges and Howes, to our Venns and Newtons! whose familiar letters, if sometimes chargeable with a failure in that graceful reserve, yet always glow with a holy unction, and can at least never be charged with the frigid indifference which

these learned Benedictines exhibit on the subjects to which they had all most solemnly devoted their talents and their lives.

Visiting, for the first time, the places which they regard as the centre of Christian unity, as the seat of apostolic dominion, as the temple towards which all the churches of the earth should worship, as the ever salient fountain of truth, and as the abode of him who impersonates to his brother men the Divine Redeemer of mankind, not a solitary word of awe or of tenderness falls from their pens—not a fold of those dark tunics is heaved by any throb of grateful remembrance or of exulting hope. They could not have traversed Moscow or Amsterdam with a more imperturbable phlegm; nor have sauntered along the banks of the Seine or the courts of the Louvre in a temper more perfectly debonnaire.

Protestant zeal may be sometimes rude, bitter, and contumelious in denouncing Roman Catholic superstitions. It is a fault to be sternly rebuked. But how adequately censure these reverend members of that communion, who, without one passing sigh, or one indignant phrase, depict the shameful abuses of the holiest offices of their church, with cold sarcasms and heartless unconcern.

Rome combated her Protestant antagonists by the aid of the Jesuits in the world, and of the Benedictines in the closet. Yet to those alliances she owes much of the silent revolt against her authority which has characterized the last hundred years; and of which the progress is daily becoming more apparent. The Jesuits involved her in their own too well merited disesteem. The Benedictines have armed the philosophy both of France and Germany with some of the keenest weapons by which she has been assailed. It was an ill day for the papacy, when the congregation of St. Maur, at the instance of Benard, called the attention of their fellow-countrymen to the mediæval history of the church, and invited the most enlightened generation of men whom Europe had ever seen, to study and believe a mass of fables of which the most audacious Grecian mythologist would have been ashamed, and at which the credulity of a whole college of augurs would have staggered.

It was but a too prolific soil on which this seed was scattered. At the moment when, in the integrity of his heart, Mabillon was propagating these legends, the walls of his monastery were often passed by a youth, whose falcon eye illuminated with ceaseless change one of the most expressive countenances in which the human soul has ever found a mirror. If the venerable old man had foreseen how that eye would one day traverse his Benedictine annals, in a too successful search for the materials of the most overwhelming ridicule of all which he held holy, he would cheerfully have consigned his unfinished volumes, and with them his own honored name, to oblivion. Not so would Michel Germain, Claude Estiennot, and the brethren for whose amusement they wrote, have contemplated, if they could have foreknown,

the approaching career of the young Alouet. Though they clung to the Church of Rome with all the ardor of partisans, and though their attachment to her was probably sincere, their convictions must have been faint, unripe, and wavering. The mists of doubt, though insufficient to deprive them of their faith in Christianity, had struck a damp and abiding chill into their hearts. If they had lived long enough to know the patriarch of Ferney, they would have been conscious of the close affinity between his spirit and their own.

How could it have been otherwise? From disinterring legends and traditions revolting to their hearts and understandings, they passed to Rome, there to disinter foul masses of holy bones, to contemplate sacred processions of mules and asses, to find a corpulent, self-indulgent valetudinarian sustaining the character of the vicar of Christ, and to discover that the basest motives of worldly interest dictated to the papal court the decisions for which they dared to claim a divine impulse and a divine infallibility. From such follies and such pretensions these learned persons turned away with immeasurable contempt. The freedom of thought which unveiled to them these frauds, left them disgusted with error, but did not carry them forward to the pursuit of truth. Without the imbecility to respect such extravagances, they were also without the courage to denounce and repudiate them. Their superior light taught them to expose and ridicule religious error;—it did not teach them to embrace unwelcome truth. In that book which is "the religion of Protestants," they might have read that "the light is the life of men"—that is, of men who obey and follow its guidance. There also they might have learned that "the light which is in us may be darkness"—that is, may at once illuminate the inquisitive intellect, and darken the insensible heart. The letters which they have bequeathed to us, interesting as they are in other respects, afford melancholy proof how deeply the younger Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur were already imbued with the spirit of that disastrous philosophy, which was destined, before the lapse of another century, to subvert the ancient institutions of their native land, and, with them, the venerable fabric of their own illustrious order.

From the Chronotype.

Scenes from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678-9. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

THIS little work, which may be innocently and creditably mistaken for the diary of a young lady of such education and refinement as qualified her for the first circles of Boston one hundred and seventy years ago, is doubtless the work of the poet Whittier, and designed, as the prefatory note says, to introduce us "familiarily to the hearths and homes of New England in the seventeenth century." The quaint style of the period, even to the spelling, is faithfully preserved. But it is not

merely the manner which is feigned, the inmost character of it is thoroughly wrought into the book, so that the illusion is perfect. Inwoven into the book is a large body of most interesting historical facts. So you are carried back to the actual scenes and events of that day, and get a better acquaintance with the spirit of the distinguished actors then on the stage, than you could from ten times the amount of dry history.

The descriptive passages of this work are exquisitely clear and life-like, and the sentiment is the deep, genuine religion of New England, such as comes up from far beneath its Calvinism. We much mistake our countrymen and countrywomen if it does not become a favorite—and for more than nine days. To cull beauties from it, you cannot miss, dip where you will. But we put all others aside to make room for a ballad—one of many fine poems introduced very happily—which betrays the writer as well as if he were named.

VERSES WRIT BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WHEN A PRISONER AMONG THE TURKS AT MOLDAVIA AND EXPECTING DEATH AT THEIR HANDS.

I.

Ere down the blue Carpathian hills
The Sun shall fall again,
Farewell this life and all its ills,
Farewell to Cell and Chaine!

II.

These Prison shades are dark and cold,
But darker far than they
The shadow of a Sorrow old
Is on mine Hearte alway.

III.

For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my Steed, and I—
An alien from my Name and Blood—
A Weed cast out to die;

IV.

When, lurking back, in sunset light
I saw her Turret gleam,
And from its window, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream;

V.

Like one who from some desert shore
Does home's green Isles descrie,
And, vainlie longing, gazes o'er,
The waste of Wave and Skie.

VI.

So from the desert of my Fate
Gaze I across the past;
And still upon life's dial-plate
The Shade is backward cast!

VII.

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at manie a Shrine,
And cowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

VIII.

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightlie sword,
To Christ his blessed Church, and her
The Mother of our Lord!

IX.

Oh, vaine the Vow, and vaine the strife!
How vaine do all things seem!

My soul is in the Past, and Life
To-day is but a Dreame.

X.

In vaine the penance strange and long,
And hard for Flesh to bear,
The Prayer, the Fasting, and the Thong,
And Sackcloth Shirte of Haire;

XI.

The Eyes of Memorie will not sleep,
Its Ears are open still,
And Vigils with the Past they keep
Against or with my Will.

XII.

And still the Loves and Hopes of old
Doe evermore uprise;
I see the flow of Locks of Gold,
The Shine of loving Eyes.

XIII.

Ah me! upon another's Breast
Those golden Locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The Glance that once was mine!

XIV.

"Oh faithless Priest! oh, perjured Knight!"
I hear the Master crie,
"Shut out the Vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die.

XV.

"The Church of God is now my Spouse,
And thou the Bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of my Vows
Keep down thy human Heart!"

XVI.

In vaine!—This Hearte its grieve must know
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The Lover and the Priest!

XVII.

Oh, pitying Mother! Souls of Light,
And Saints and Martyrs old,
Praye for a weak and sinful Knight,
A suffering Man uphold.

XVIII.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
Let Death unbind my Chaine.
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sunset falls again!

We add a review from the Boston Traveller.

This is the title of a neat 18mo volume, of 224 pages, just published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields. It purports to be a journal—or rather, leaves from a journal—of a young English lady, who visited the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1678–9, for no other apparent purpose than to write this journal and see her relatives. She fortunately had relations scattered all along, from the Providence plantations to Agamenticus, or York, now Maine; and in visiting them, enjoyed uncommon advantages for seeing the country, and becoming acquainted with the chief men of the province, in church and state. The ministers she seems to have found, for the most part, a bigoted, hard-hearted race, chiefly concerned in abusing the Quakers, and stirring up the magistrates to crop, whip and banish them; and in obtaining the arrest, imprisonment

and death of the poor witches of the land. One of the two deacons whom she met, was a rum-selling old hypocrite, who indulged in the pleasant pastime of beating his negro slave until the blood ran. The other, she found drunk in the road, having fallen from his horse in returning from an ordination; and his wife, who was with him, was but little better off than her husband.

The magistrates were, of course, no better than the reverend clergy and their helpers, the deacons—a Quaker-persecuting, witch-destroying, hypocritical, unprincipled set. All parties seem to have been pretty well agreed in ill-treating the Indians and countenancing slave-holding. There was a little salt, however, in the province; and this Miss Smith found among the Quakers and those who favored them. And this brings us to the end and object of the "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," viz., To caricature the New England Puritans of 1678–9, and defend and eulogize the Quakers of that day.

We opened the volume with high anticipations of pleasure, excited by the heralding it had received and the few pleasant and beautiful extracts which had found their way from the proof-sheets into the newspapers, and had not the slightest suspicion of its author or its design. A few pages, however, were sufficient to awaken suspicion as to the real design of the book, and to designate the author, the Quaker poet.

With very much that is objectionable and offensive, to those who revere the memory of our fathers, there are spots of beauty in the volume. Some of the descriptions of scenery and events are drawn in quaint, truthful and beautiful style; and some of the poetical pieces, with which it abounds, are of the same character; but, as a whole, we must say that the volume is such an one as none but a prejudiced enemy of Puritanism would have written.

Commercial Statistics. A Digest of the Productive Resources, Commercial Legislation, Customs Tariffs, Navigation, Port, and Quarantine Laws, and Charges, Shipping, Imports and Exports, and the Moneys, Weights, and Measures of all Nations. Including all British Commercial Treaties with Foreign Nations. Collected from Authentic Records, and consolidated with especial reference to British and Foreign Products, Trade, and Navigation. By JOHN MACGREGOR, M. P., late Secretary of the Board of Trade; Author of "The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1847." In four volumes. Volume IV.

The subjects of this volume are Hayti, and the Foreign West Indies, the Empire of Brazil, and the statistics of Oriental commerce, displayed at large in a thousand quarto pages. The *Commercial Statistics* of Mr. Macgregor are now completed, and, although not free from critical objection on some points, we believe such a mass of various information, both textual and tabular, has rarely been brought together in an available form, certainly not at the risk of one individual.—*Spect.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SELF-SEER.

CHAPTER I.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!—WORDSWORTH.

HERMAN WALDHOF was indulging in a love-reverie. He sat, leaning his chin upon his hand, in an easy, careless, *dolce far niente* attitude, before a large mirror. His eyes were earnestly fixed, Narcissus-like, upon the shadow of himself imaged therein.

Many said that young Herman Waldhof was the handsomest man in Leipzig, and Herman himself was scarcely disposed to deny the fact. It had been forced upon his notice so often during the last five-and-twenty years, that at length he took it for granted. Yet he was too high-minded to be very vain. He bore his honors as a monarch does his crown, conscious of the dignity which Fortune has bestowed, and, therefore, taking no pains to assert what must be obvious to all. But in the earnest look which Herman directed towards his mirror there was a deeper feeling than mere vanity. He loved; he hoped, yet hardly believed, that he was beloved again; and in the reflected features opposite to him might be read a look of doubt and anxious inquiry.

When one loves how quickly does this feeling come! how does the mirror, which was before hardly noticed, or made the only resort of idle vanity, become like an adviser—a friend! We wish to see ourselves with the eyes of the beloved. We wish to know, without flattery, what we really are. We gaze with a feeling of lingering fondness, in which self-vanity has no share, on those features which we would fain believe are fair and precious in another's sight. Ah, thence proceeds all their charm in our own! Thus thought the young lover; and as he tossed back the dark, clustering curls, and looked wistfully into the depths of the large eyes, and noted the graceful curves of the beautiful mouth, trying to criticize the well-known face which met his view with the indifference of a perfect stranger, his heart was full, not of himself, but of *her*.

A knock at the door made the young man instinctively turn his back to the mirror and take up a book, but he could not keep down the color that would rise to his very forehead at being discovered in the unmanly act of examining himself in the glass, even though it were by his friend and companion from boyhood, Leuthold Auerbach.

"Are you studying or only dreaming, Herman?" said the new-comer, in those sweet, low tones, so rarely heard in a man's voice, which are always the index of an eminently sensitive and gifted mind, which attract in a moment, and are the dearest heart-music in the world.

Herman answered the question with a faint laugh—

"Both, I believe. But, Leuthold, I have a

charge against thee, good friend, and from a fair one whom thou wouldst not willingly give cause of anger. I was last night at the old professor's, and the Lady Hilda"—the young man's color deepened a little as he uttered the name—"Hilda asked why thou wert not there."

"Did she so?" Leuthold said.

Herman was too much engrossed by his own feelings, or he would have seen the sudden paleness, the quivering lip, the involuntary clench of the hands, that his words brought to Leuthold. Alas, he, too, loved! but love to him was no joy, only hopeless pain.

"What shall I say in thy defence, false knight, when I see her to-morrow?" Herman continued.

"Again!" muttered Leuthold.

There was a sore pang at his heart, but he repressed it, and said, calmly—

"The Lady Hilda is ever kind; she always was, since the days when I was a poor student in her father's house. Tell her I was ill, or I would have come."

"Thou art not well now, poor friend!" said Herman, turning round, and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Pale as ever—no, now thou art crimson! Why, Leuthold, thou hast been studying far too much."

"It may be; a student must do so if he would attain his end. I am not like thee, Herman— young, rich, handsome."

"Thou art quite as young," interrupted the other, "though thou dost not look so; and as rich, for thou hast enough for thy wants, which is more than I often have for mine, I candidly confess. As to being handsome — But, pshaw! what nonsense is this! I am so anxious, so full of thought, I cannot jest any more. Leuthold, thou shouldst pity me!"

"Pity thee!" said the student. "Thee—the pride of Leipzig, admired by all, loved by —"

"Oh, Leuthold, I know not that Hilda loves me! Last night I thought her so cold, and there was beside her that young Graf von P——, and she listened to him; she spoke fondly —"

"I do not believe it," gravely answered Leuthold. "Hilda is too sincere, too pure-hearted, to sport with any one's feelings thus."

The lover clung eagerly to the willing belief.

"Ah, well, I might be wrong, but love is full of vagaries—my whole soul is wrapped up in her! Tell me, Leuthold, thou who hast known her heart from childhood, whom she regards as a brother, am I such an one as Hilda would love?"

And the earnest Herman looked fixedly at his friend, to whom each unconscious word came like a barbed arrow. Yet not a muscle of Leuthold's face quivered beneath the gaze; he grew strong through the intensity of the love which had made of his heart, not a home to abide in, but a tomb wherein it must be buried for evermore. Its presence was not known by outward sign, any more than the ashes resting under a green grave.

"Thou askest more than I can answer, dear

Herman," said Leuthold. "But think what thou art!"

"Oh that I could see myself!" cried the impetuous young man. "Oh, that I could behold myself as I do any other man!—how I look, how I speak, how I act! Do you know what I was so mad as to be doing but now?" he added, coloring deeply. "Playing pranks before the mirror, and trying to judge of my own face as I would that of the fool Von P——, or any stranger! Oh, if I could see myself as I really am—most of all as I appear in Hilda's eyes! Is there no spell, no magic, that will give me my desire? Surely, Leuthold, thou who hast studied the deepest secrets of alchemy, who hast beheld the great Helvetius face to face, must know something!"

"Speak not of these things," answered the student, solemnly. "To those who live in the world, in its gay realities, the inner world of mystery is not open. Yet if it were as thou sayest—if we could gain this knowledge, I, too, would desire it equally. And it may be so," continued Leuthold, with wild and kindling eyes; "who knows! The more I study, the more I see that wisdom is unfathomable."

He rose up and paced the room with an energy that made his slight figure dilate until it seemed in the twilight to grow to a giant's size. Deeper and deeper gathered the shadows in the large, lofty room: it was a noble hall, which the wealth of Herman Waldhof had gained from its old baronial owners, whose ancestors seemed to frown from the walls upon the new possessor. The twilight faded, and all became wrapped in gloom. Herman watched the dim figure of Leuthold as he moved backwards and forwards, utterly unconscious of his friend's presence; sometimes murmuring, in a sort of monotonous chant, rhymes in a strange tongue, and then again maintaining a total silence. At last Herman, in the darkness, could only hear his footsteps resounding at measured intervals on the oaken floor. All this time the young man never moved. Gay-hearted as he seemed, Herman was deeply tinctured with the belief in supernatural things, which was called forth by mysterious acts and words of many wise men of the middle ages. On his friend Leuthold, whom he knew to be deeply read in the lore of the cabalists and alchemists, he ever looked with almost reverent awe.

At last a touch on his arm made Herman start, and the student's voice—but so low and changed that it seemed almost unearthly—fell on his ear—

"It will be accomplished; wait and see: they are coming!" whispered Leuthold.

Overpowered with terror Herman would have fled, but his friend held him with a grasp that seemed like that of an iron band.

"Weak man, wouldst thou shrink?" sternly cried the student.

"Shrink from meeting those thou hast called up—the fiends—the demons!"

"They are no demons, they are good spirits. Know, Herman, that each man born into the world

has a guardian angel given him, which must attend him from birth until death. To the common herd of mankind, who eat and sleep, toil and rest, marry and die, without a thought beyond the petty round of daily life, this spirit is no more than an inward voice—the voice of conscience. But to those on whom God has bestowed His glorious gift of genius—a spark of his own divine essence—the angel of their being is far nearer; a presence that may be felt. The more they cultivate this inner sense the stronger it becomes, until they see with the open eyes of the soul, and hear with its angel-ears.

"I, even I," cried Leuthold, while his voice rang through the gloom like the voice of an unseen spirit, "I, even I, in my poverty, in my loneliness, in my despair, have seen the angel of my life standing beside me, whispering comfort and wisdom and joy, such as no earthly sorrows could take away. And now, by the power of my will and my faith, I have again brought this celestial guardian; and not only mine, but thine! Listen, they are coming!"

"And I!" cried Herman, in deadly fear.

"Thou mayst hear, thou canst not see them. Kneel, cover thy face, and pray. Think of all pure and holy things, of thy love on earth, of thy trust in heaven. Remember one evil thought will drive from thee these blessed spirits. Herman, they come—they come!"

Herman listened to a sound which he rather felt than heard; it was like the step of one beloved coming nearer and nearer, each soft foot-fall sending a thrill to the heart. And then he perceived that Leuthold had unclasped his hand, but that another was beside him. He fancied his hair was stirred by a soft breath, such as he had felt in dreams—dreams of Hilda, and it seemed that this angel-breath penetrated to his inmost heart, filling it with child-like purity and peace.

He was roused from his trance by the deep, solemn tones of Leuthold, and knew that his friend was addressing no mortal, but the angel of which he had spoken. With serene earnestness the student lifted up his voice, and told all his heart's desire to the mysterious presences that Herman felt were with them in the room. He spoke not in slavish fear, but like one who, with a lofty and awful joy, holds communion with those who, though superior, are drawn to him by love, until they speak as friend to friend.

And he was answered. From the silence came forth a voice—not human, and yet like humanity in its sweetness. Much of what it said was inexplicable to Herman, whose whole life had been spent in worldly delights, and who knew not the joys which the soul feels when retiring into communion with itself, and those essences to which it is akin. But Leuthold understood all.

"Listen," said the angel, "O thou who art my care! Man's is a double existence. Ever following his spirit, as the shadow follows his body, is a second self. It is not his soul, but only the reflection of it, like the faint arch within

the rainbow, or the giant mountain-shadows which mimic men. Generally this phantasm is inseparable from the reality which produces it; but at times man has been suffered to behold the reflex of himself; and often, too, has this second self appeared to those to whom the man was dear, a dim spectre of prophetic woe!"

"I know it, I know it!" cried Leuthold, mournfully. "Even the night before death took my mother from me, as we sat together in the twilight, I saw a Shadow like herself come and sit opposite to us! And she knew it was a sign, and went in and lay down calmly to rest—a rest that was eternal. But, O angel, I would not thus see the phantom of myself; I desire to behold my living form as with the eye of a spirit. Canst thou grant this?"

"Only thus. Thou must thyself become the attendant shadow; must abstract thy mind for a season from all earthly things until it becomes as in dreams, separate from the body. Then thy spirit, or that portion of it which is active in dreams, may float over its living self; and behold, for a time, all that thou dost and all that thou art, even like a disembodied soul. But know, for each day in which by this fearful exercise of the will and the power of concentrating the mind within itself, thou thus gainest thy desire, a year will be taken from thy mortal life."

"Even so—that would add to the boon," said Leuthold softly. "But, Herman, life is bright to thee, wilt thou consent likewise?"

Herman shuddered and bowed his face lower to the earth, as he felt the invisible breath beside him form itself into a voice. But it was not like the one which had spoken to Leuthold—it sounded faint and indistinct.

"Once only in thy life mayst thou hear thine angel's voice, O Herman! and once only is this faculty permitted to thee. Wouldst thou for a single day behold thyself?"

"I would—I would!" muttered Herman; and as he spoke the whole chamber was flooded with the light of the pale moon, as she broke through the edge of a dark cloud. He lifted up his head, but saw—only his friend, who, pale and almost insensible, leaned against the wall, like one just awakened out of a dream.

CHAPTER II.

Let me behold my outward self, and look
Within my spirit as within a book.
What there is writ? Full many a mingled line
Wise, foolish fair, foul, worldly, and divine.
Some pure and clear, some wrapped in error's pall,
But evermore the "light of love shines over all."

HERMAN rose up at dawn on the morrow, forgetting all the strange excitement which he had gone through. It had passed from his memory like a dream. He leaped out through his low window into the glad daylight, walked through his beautiful domain, heard the birds singing a blithe welcome to the morning, saw the sunshine resting upon the noble old hall, until it looked almost as if it had renewed its youth, and felt to the full

the happy reality of life. All the fantastic imaginings of night had vanished with the coming of daylight.

Existence was in every way a reality to Herman Waldhof. He was the embodiment of youth in its full enjoyment of the present, keenly alive to every delight of sense, and revelling in life as a happy certainty of tangible bliss, quite distinct from the enthusiastic visions of the dreamer. He was a young man, full of health and gayety—bound by no ties save those he chose to forge for himself—rich, though, as he had said, his wishes often outran his wealth; and until the shadow of love fell over him, Herman had never known a care. Yet his love, though it had made him more thoughtful, brought with it no real sorrow, but only those few faint doubts which nourish and strengthen like April rain. Love without such would be like the spring without showers.

Waldhof bounded through his fields, exulting in the bright day and his own happiness. He called his huntsmen around him, and made ready for the chase. It would serve to beguile the tedious hours until the lover could again seek the presence of his beloved. But before he set out, he rode with his companions through the street where Hilda dwelt. A goodly troop of young men they were, but there were none so noble in bearing as Herman Waldhof. He knew it, too; and as he passed Hilda's window, he felt almost glad that the horseman who rode beside him was the Graf von P——, a small and ungainly man, badly mounted. As Herman made his own fine charger curvet, and, doffing his hat, let the sunshine rest on his curling hair, a smile of proud delight curved his lips, for he saw through the lattice two fair eyes, which lingered not on the Graf von P——, but on himself.

"I wonder," thought the young man, "how I appear to-day in Hilda's eyes?"

As the idea crossed his mind, it seemed that his steed dashed wildly along, confusing all his faculties, as with the motion caused by passing swiftly through the air, his eyes grew dazzled, and he hardly knew what affected him, until he woke out of a kind of stupor. He felt himself floating through the air as one does in dreams; but his personal identity was gone. He glided along as bodiless as a winged thought, and yet he clearly distinguished everything around him as when he had been gifted with corporeal senses. He was floating amidst the trees of a wild forest, he heard the ringing music of the horn, and beneath him galloped a troop of gay huntsmen. One among them was remarkable for personal beauty and agility. He sat his steed with the grace and firmness of a young Greek warrior, and his joyous laugh resounded through the forest as if he had been the light-hearted Actæon of old. In this youth, so apparently happy, so beautiful in person, the hovering spirit of Herman Waldhof recognized himself. His wish had been attained.

Like a cloud in the air the Shadow floated over the merry troop, and followed them through the

glades of the forest. It beheld its corporeal self—the man who was Herman Waldhof—gliding near; it scanned his features with keen inquiry. They were as perfect in form as the mirror had always reflected them; but now, when agitated by the play of expression, there was a vague deficiency—a want of that inexpressible charm which sometimes makes the most ordinary face enchanting by the inward beauty of the mind. Herman's beautiful features were as unchangeable in their expression as those of the Apollo Belvidere—if you sought anything beyond you might as well seek it in a marble statue. The Shadow into which a portion of the young man's soul had fled retained enough of mortal nature to feel this want and deplore it, and turned its observation to other qualities of its second self.

Most noble was the bearing of the young huntsman, but still an unprejudiced eye might distinguish in his manly form too much of strength and too little of grace. He was an incipient Hercules, who might become in middle age anything but lithe and active. Winning he was in manner, and yet, both in that and in his tone of voice, the attendant phantom distinguished an occasional harshness, that in an inferior would have been most unpleasing, but which was disregarded in the wealthy and fascinating Herman Waldhof. His companions treated him like a privileged person, bore with his haughtiness, and laughed at his jests, even when directed against themselves.

"We shall find no game to-day," said Herman, while a shade of annoyance was perceptible in his tone.

"You have driven it far into the inner forest with your constant hunts, Waldhof," answered one of the young men. "Truly all we huntsmen ought to be very grateful for a whole year's amusement at your cost."

"Oh, 'tis nothing," returned Herman. "I love the chase, therefore I follow it. With plenty of horses, and every other appurtenance, I can oblige my friends and please myself with their society at the same time. By the bye, Von P——, why did you not go to my stable? My grooms would have better provided you than with that sorry steed of yours."

The Graf von P—— turned crimson with vexation.

"A poor nobleman is sometimes worse off than a rich commoner, but he is not the less proud. With all thanks for his courtesy, Herr Waldhof will excuse my preferring my own horse."

"Just as you like," answered the young man carelessly, totally unconscious of the pain he had caused; but the Shadow of his being saw in that passing incident ostentation, for which the open-handed generosity of youth could not atone, and a thoughtlessness of others, which showed selfishness lurking in the depths of an otherwise frank and kindly nature. A superficial observer might not notice these things, but one who could read the inner foldings of the human heart would at once recognize them as blemishes in the character of Herman Waldhof.

The young huntsmen rode merrily on, and the prey was found. Now all the ardor of the chase began. Exulting in his dauntless courage, Herman was the foremost in all dangerous exploits. His eyes flashed, his color heightened, and his voice rang out in wild enthusiasm. More than once he dashed between the enraged boar and one of the assailants, thereby perilling his own life and preserving that of another fellow-creature. And then they all cried how generous, how heroic, was the young Herman Waldhof! and the dim Shadow which followed him rejoiced triumphantly at the cries of delight that rose up in praise of its other self.

The hunted boar turned at bay, and the crisis of the sport arrived. All drew back and left the master of the chase to perform the crowning exploit. It was an honor which Herman had ever claimed as a right. He glanced proudly round and spurred his horse, poising his spear with a firm, bold hand. But, in a moment, another horseman dashed forward, and despatching the wild beast turned exultingly to claim the final honors of the chase. It was the Graf von P——!

Instantly the beaming face of Herman was darkened by a thunder-cloud of anger, until the features that were before so beautiful grew almost hideous in their wrathful disdain. He was about to plunge his horse forward with his reeking spear—not directed against the dead boar, but the living man—had not a murmur from the other huntsmen arrested him.

"It was not right of Von P——!" "Herman should have slain the boar!" said various of his friends.

"Have I done aught to anger Herr Waldhof?" observed the surprised nobleman.

"You have insulted me!" angrily exclaimed his rival. "I am the lord of the forest; it is my place, not yours, to despatch the beast. Look to yourself, my lord! Herman Waldhof is the equal of any Graf in Germany."

"I am a stranger—I know not your customs. If I have erred in courtesy, I regret it," answered the young nobleman, with an unmoved dignity that turned the tide of opinion in his favor. Herman rode homewards; and as the hovering spirit looked down upon him, it saw how evil passions had marred the fairest characteristics of Nature; and how a stranger, beholding him a prey to violent and angry feeling, would see no trace of the noble youth who had been so lately the admiration of every eye.

On his journey home the Shadow accompanied him, and watched the gradual dispersion of bitterness from a nature that never retained evil long. And as the hour drew nigh that was to bring him to Hilda, every trace of wrathful emotion was swept away under the soothing influence of his love. He thought of Hilda—he closed his eyes, and called up her dear face to his memory—he imagined how she would welcome him, what he should say to her, and what she would answer; and in these delicious love-reveries his mind grew calm, and an inexpressible sweetness became diffused over his face; and

when the shadowy Self followed him to the presence of his love, it exulted over his grace and beauty.

Hilda was not, like her lover, perfect in form and face. A passing eye might have overlooked her, but those who loved her thought her most fair, and all who knew her loved her. A painter would have adored her soft brown eyes and lovely hair; and a musician would have said her voice was the sweetest in the world; and yet neither might have called Hilda beautiful. It was the atmosphere of love and purity in which she moved, investing all her looks, words, and deeds, with an irresistible charm that made her the ideal of perfect womanhood.

She rose up and welcomed her lover—in her heart of hearts she knew that he *was* her lover, though no formal words had passed between them. Yet with a maidenly reserve she shut up in her heart the secret consciousness which made its chiefest joy. Herman thought her tone was cold—that her hand touched his with a careless pressure; he did not know that, at the sound of his horse's approach, a few moments before, those little hands had been pressed wildly upon the throbbing heart, and then spread over the fair, blushing face, that would fain hide, even from the cold walls, its smile of radiant happiness.

Herman came and sat by his beloved; the ever-attendant Shadow watched him, as he talked in a tone so low and gentle, ever looking in her face with those beautiful eyes—truly it was no marvel that Hilda loved him. He spoke of common things, of his day's sport, and then, with a frankness that shewed in a golden light all the higher qualities of his nature, he confessed to Hilda the incident which had annoyed him. Perhaps mingled with this sincerity was a consciousness that the story would come best from his own lips, and that Hilda would seek to palliate a fault so candidly acknowledged, thus restoring him to his own good opinion which he had well nigh lost.

But Hilda listened without a word of praise or extenuation. She could not trust her voice with such, lest it should betray the love that was so high overflowing, and yet had no warrant for its utterance. And perhaps, too, she felt a woman's pain that a shadow of error should dim the brightness of her idol.

"I have heard of this before," she said.

"Who told you? Who dared to speak ill of me to you?" cried the young man, and the dark cloud of anger again came over him. The Shadow saw, and fled back troubled.

Hilda lifted her eyes to his with a look of pained surprise, mingled with reproach. "We will talk no more of this," she answered, gently.

Her look and tone calmed her lover in a moment.

"Do not chide me, fair and dear maiden," replied he. "I was in error, perhaps not so much as they say and as you imagine, but still I am willing to acknowledge aught that you please."

His words were humble, but there was pride in their tone, as if he expected them to be contradicted immediately; but this the truthful spirit of

the young girl would not do. She loved him well; and love, which made all his good qualities shine, in her eyes, with double lustre, rendered her proportionately quick-sighted to his failings.

"Herr Waldhof," said Hilda, gravely, "I ask no confession if caused alone by your *friendship*"—the innocent hypocrisy of those dear lips—"your friendship for me. It was not right of you to be so angry with the Graf von P——, who meant you no disrespect. Besides, as your friend, he——"

"My friend! the poor, cowardly creature *my* friend! Say your own, Lady Hilda, if so you mean!" cried the lover, hardly suppressing his jealous indignation.

Hilda's womanly pride was roused.

"As you will," she answered, with a quivering lip and heightened color. "I am not used to discussions so warm as this, therefore, Herr Waldhof, I will bid you adieu, as I believe my father desires your presence."

She lightly touched the hand which, in his mortification, the young man scarcely held out to her, and, with a step of maidenly dignity, glided from the room.

With a sense of the deepest abasement the shadowy presence looked down upon its other self, as the young man paced the room in violent emotion, raving against Hilda, his rival, and the whole world.

"She loves me not! she scorns me! she speaks in behalf of the wretch, Von P——!" he muttered. "Not one gentle feeling is in her heart for me, or she would not have spoken thus!"

Oh, self-deceiver, blinded by anger! could thine eye but have pierced into the next chamber, and seen that weeping girl who passed from thee but now with so firm a step; couldst thou have known the anguish that came with the discovery of one fault in thee, and yet the love which would fain wash it all away with pardoning tears, and defend thee against the whole world!

Herman leaped on his horse, nor stayed his frantic speed until he reached his own home. He locked himself up in his chamber, and sank down exhausted. Long he remained in a state which seemed half sleeping, half waking, until the morning birds aroused him. Then the whole charm was dispelled; the events of yesterday returned vividly to his memory: he became conscious of the double existence which had then been his, and knew—oh, with what bitterness came the knowledge!—that he had beheld himself!

CHAPTER III.

Lo, ye have souls immortal and sublime
To be made infinite in love and light,
And heavenly knowledge, if ye will but ope
The inner fountains, and the inner eyes,
And see the deep and full significance
The worth and wherefore of the life of man.

C. MACKAY.

LEUTHOLD watched from the window of the small room where he slept, ate, and studied, the merry troop of huntsmen go by. He saw, loftiest among

them, the graceful head of his friend Herman. The clanging of the hoofs in the street below had disturbed him from his studies; and as he closed the window and turned away from the sunshine, the glittering dresses, and the sound of gay voices, the darkness and solitude of his own poor chamber struck him mournfully. He leant his forehead against his open book, and tried to shut out from his view alike the brightness without and the gloom within—both were equally painful.

"How happy they seem! how gay!" thought the young man with sadness. "And I!—Well, let me calmly think what I am, and what I would fain be. Would I change with them?—become noble, and handsome, and rich as they; have no care but for the pleasures of life! Ah, but age will come; the strong limbs will grow feeble; the gay spirit become soured; the mind sink to a mere animal existence. Would I change with them, then! No!"

And the student strove to cheer himself with the consciousness of the high aim of life. He remembered that man's godlike mind is not given him to be cast aside like an useless thing, nor is he created to waste his existence in the passing pursuit of pleasure. Leuthold grew clearer while he pondered; he looked around on the dear companions of his loneliness—precious, though silent—his beloved books; and he envied not Herman Waldhof himself, save for that most priceless treasure, which the student would have died to gain—Hilda's love.

"How noble he looked as he passed her window!" thought Leuthold. "How dare I compare myself to him!" and the student looked mournfully down upon his own slight, meagre limbs, and thin hands. "Oh, that I could die—that I could lose the memory of this bitter, hopeless love!" he cried, as, bowing his head upon his knees, and forgetting his manhood, he gave way to the weakness of a nature which resembled a woman's in sensitiveness, and sobbed as in his childish days.

With the reaction of his feelings the young man grew calmer. "I will be patient—I will endure," continued he, pursuing the train of his thoughts. "The sunshine of life is not for me. I must train my spirit to live content in its shade. Why murmur, poor heart! the future will but be as the past. From my cradle life has been a solitude. I have never known the joy of being beloved!" But while Leuthold uttered this, a remorseful pang touched his heart, and a faint, spirit-like voice, seemed to fall on his ear—"My son, my son, hast thou, then, forgotten me?"

The student threw himself on his knees, and cried—"Forgive me, oh, my mother, if this wild love for a moment shuts out the memory of thine! Pure and angelic spirit, comfort me now!" He clasped a crucifix, and remained muttering the customary devotions of a religion in which even the depths of his philosophical learning had not shaken his belief—it was too near his heart for any mere powers of intellect to overthrow it.

Gradually a numbness oppressed his faculties; the realities around him faded into shadows, until he seemed to wake at last, like one who, dreaming, dreams he is roused from a dream. In that moment, the mysterious change for which he had longed passed over Leuthold; his spirit became divided, and beheld its bodily Self.

The form which engarmented that pure and noble soul was not beautiful. The Shadow looked down upon Leuthold as he knelt, and thought how mean was the figure of the student—diminutive, stooping, though not actually deformed. The face was sallow, without a ray of color; the features irregular; and when in repose, ordinary and inexpressive. The sole redeeming portions of the face were a high, broad forehead, and large, soft, grey eyes, shaded by lashes as long and silken as a woman's. But it could not be denied that, as he appeared now, not a trace of personal beauty did the student possess.

Leuthold rose up, put aside his books, and went out into the streets of Leipsic. The invisible Shadow followed him, and watched him as he moved. His slight, low figure, would have passed unnoticed through the crowd of a great city, but here, in Leipsic, which was for ages the stronghold of learning, there were many to whom Leuthold Auerbach was known, as one whose wisdom surpassed his years. Not a few, both of the old, whose companionship he sought, and the young, who came to him for instruction, doffed their hats as he passed. The pleasant smile of recognition lighted up his face, and the Shadow saw that his step grew firmer, and even his stature seemed to rise, with a consciousness that he was respected by those whose respect was grateful to him.

He went on to the great hall of Leipsic, where students and professors were accustomed to meet for discussion, and to give and receive instruction. It was a high day, and within those walls were collected many of the learned from all parts of Germany. As Leuthold passed through the division where sat the younger of the company, many of them his own pupils, he heard a murmur of respectful congratulation. His eye brightened, and his lips relaxed into a smile almost as bright as Herman's. The spirit looked and felt—phantom as it was—as if a sunbeam of gladness had shot through its being.

"We have been looking for you, Herr Auerbach," said one of the young men. "The great doctor from Cologne has mentioned you with praise; and our professor has chosen you to deliver the harangue, as being the most learned of the students of Leipsic."

Leuthold's cheek flushed with pleasure; and he walked with a dignified step to the upper end of the hall, where the learned conclave awaited him. There he heard that the fame of Leuthold of Leipsic had reached to distant cities. Many, whose heads were white with long years of study came forward to hold in friendly grasp the hand of the young man. He, in self-possessed yet modest humility, which gave a gracefulness to his

whole deportment, received congratulations and praise.

"They told me I should see a plain, common-looking youth," whispered the great *savant* of Cologne. "I do not find him so. His manner is dignified yet retiring; his countenance beams with intellect."

"You are right. He has the beauty of a noble mind. I am proud of my pupil," answered the professor, who was Hilda's father.

The Shadow heard, and its airy essence thrilled with joy.

Now from amidst the crowded assembly rose the voice of Leuthold Auerbach. It was low and tremulous at first, as if oppressed by the dead silence around; but as the speaker advanced it became firm. Already we have said that Leuthold possessed that irresistible charm—a low, clear, and melodious voice, that steals into the heart and carries it away captive at its will. These exquisite tones were now like music, accompanying the deep wisdom which they uttered. Leuthold was not an impassioned orator; with him all feelings lay deep, giving an outward calmness to all he said and did; and, therefore, his words now were more those of a sage who reasoned for a great truth, than of a young man who poured forth his emotions in flowery eloquence. But the clearness and earnestness of his own mind communicated itself to his speech, and to the heart as well as to the intellect of the multitude who listened, as it were, with the ears of one man. When he concluded, first a deep silence—more expressive than applause—and then a shout of congratulation that made the hall reëcho, proclaimed the triumph of the student.

Almost overpowered, Leuthold sank back, and his friends crowded round him. Foremost among them was the learned professor, who had been his teacher in the days of his early youth.

"You must come home with me to-day," said the kindly old man. "Hilda will rejoice to hear of your success."

The Shadow looked down upon itself, and saw that Leuthold's face glowed with rapture, and his very lips trembled with emotion.

"I am weary now, my kind master," answered he, taking the professor's hand affectionately; "but I will come to-night—yes! tell *her* I will come to-night," he repeated, almost unconsciously.

Still under the influence of the joy which gave beauty to his whole appearance, Leuthold took his way homeward. He sat a long time in his quiet room—it hardly looked so lonely as it had done in the morning, and he himself appeared no longer the pale and drooping student, who had knelt in despair before the crucifix. He rested his head on his hand, and the phantom, who was ever present watched. Now and then smiles came and went over his face, and kindled it with joy. As the day wore on he heard the troop of huntsmen go by on their return: but they gave him no pain; he did not even move to look at them. When evening came he wrapped himself in his

cloak, and went out to visit Hilda. Ere he reached the door a horseman galloped furiously past him. Leuthold turned and saw that it was Herman, his dark hair flying in the wind, and his whole mien disordered.

"Poor Herman! he is annoyed; perhaps he has been unsuccessful at the chase, in which he delights so much," thought the student; and in his simple and gentle nature, Leuthold almost reproached himself for being happy while his friend was not so. But he remembered Herman no longer when he entered Hilda's dwelling.

It was a small, pleasant chamber, into which he passed; how well he knew every nook of it! There, night after night, in the long winter evenings, the motherless, lonely youth had been made welcome by his kind old master; and the little Hilda had joyfully welcomed a playfellow who was so much gentler than her own wild brothers. There, as years went on, the young man had listened to the evening instructions of the professor, while Hilda, now growing womanly and reserved, but kind and sisterly still, sat by. Leuthold glanced lovingly towards the corner where she used to work, the lamp shining on her smooth brown hair, and her quick-moving fingers. Oh, how happy were those days! Musing thus, the student waited for the entrance of his beloved.

Hilda came at last. She met him cordially, took his hand in both hers—the poor Leuthold, how he trembled at the touch!—and told him how glad she was of his triumph that day.

"My father is proud of you, Leuthold: we are all proud of you. You must not forget us when you are a great man!" said Hilda, with a frank and pleasant smile.

The student looked at her with his whole soul in his eyes—those beautiful, soft eyes! He leaned over her as she sat, and became absorbed in the bliss of her presence. They talked, as they always did, of things that both loved, of all that was beautiful in the world and in life; she with the open-hearted kindness of her nature, as conversing with a dear friend; and he, drinking in love ineffable from her every word and look. The Shadow hovered over him, and perceived how that the magic of love gave new music to his sweet voice, and new eloquence to his tongue; how it lighted up his face, and made his homely features almost divine with the radiance of a commanding intellect, and a heart full of all that is pure and good in man. The spirit beheld, and gloried in itself.

Hilda talked to Leuthold with the kindly earnestness of a heart which had nothing to conceal—alas for him, not even the sweet secret of love! She praised him, she spoke of his coming career of fame, and, more glorious still than fame, the proud delight of a life spent in the soul's true vocation—that of adding to the wisdom of past ages, and of lighting one's own lamp, be it great or small, that future generations may grow wiser and better through its guiding radiance.

"You are gentle as well as wise, Leuthold,"

said the maiden. "You will go through life happy and beloved. All is well with you."

Her voice had a softened tone, almost sad; and her whole manner was subdued—it might be that, while speaking to Leuthold, she thought of one still dearer. The student was deceived by her kind words, the tremulousness of her voice, the sudden changing of her cheek, her troubled and anxious air. He believed—oh, the madness of the dream!—that there was yet hope for him, that in time he might be loved even as he loved.

He mentioned Herman; but she who in happiness would have blushed and trembled at the chance hearing of the beloved name, now in her sorrow could listen to it unmoved. No outward sign of love for his rival came to dim the young man's hope.

"I saw Waldhof on my way hither, and thought he would have been with you to-night," continued Leuthold.

"He came, but soon departed," said Hilda, calmly; and the student dared ask no more. Could it be that Herman Waldhof had returned an unsuccessful wooer! And if so, why? The bare idea made the heart of him who loved so madly throb with added violence. He was too noble to rejoice at the sorrow of his friend; and yet human nature is weak, and Love is a king who con-

quers all other feelings. That Hilda should be free—that he might dare to seek her love! The thought overpowered him; and, as the Shadow of his soul read all these conflicting feelings in the face of the student, it became troubled likewise.

"What ails thee, Leuthold?" said Hilda, kindly, as she lifted her calm eyes to his agitated countenance. "Thy hand is burning, too!" and the touch of her soft, cool fingers, thrilled to his heart. "Dear friend," she added, "I must send thee away. Go home and sleep—this day's happiness is too much for thee."

"It is—it is too much," passionately cried the student. He dared not trust himself with another word or look, but, bidding Hilda adieu, he went out.

In the cool night, beneath the quiet stars, the frenzy passed away; a soft dreaminess overpowered him, and the spell was ended. Leuthold knew that his desire had been fulfilled; and clearly and distinctly he remembered all that the Shadow had beheld. The knowledge gave him no false pride; but a delicious consciousness of what he was himself and how he was regarded by others, crept into his heart, and imparted to it courage, and firmness, and peace. The timid, self-abased student now knew himself, and became strong.

From Sartain's Magazine.

"TOO LATE."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A STORM without a cloud!

A sweeping whirlwind woke!
And Europe's wariest monarch bowed,
And Gallia's sceptre broke,
While Paris, with a maniac shout,
Exulting rent the sky,
And throngs in frantic zeal embraced,
They scarcely knew for why.

France, in her halls of power,
A gathering conclave eyed,
Elated with their sudden deed
Of wonder and of pride,—
While one,* who mused amid the stars,
And one,† who held more dear
The poet's thrilling reverie, poured
Strong counsel in her ear.

But as a fleeting dream
Doth shift its chart of flame,
Strangely, to that tumultuous scene
A mournful woman came;
The widow's sable wrapped her form,
As one estranged from joy,
Yet graceful, with a mother's care,
She led a princely boy.‡

Bright was his sunny brow,
Though bearded warrior frowned,
And strong in childhood's innocence,
He fearless gazed around,—

While, gathering courage from that hour
Of trial and of dread,
She claimed for him the father's throne,
Who slumbered with the dead.

A hush!—as when the sea
Her stormiest wave hath borne,
And the old, seamed and riven rocks
Await its dire return,
In breathless silence of the soul,
Each listener bent his head,
For France with trembling pulse stood still,
In syncope of dread.

A moment since, she deemed,
In ecstasy divine,
Her grasp was on the altar-horns
Of freedom's glorious shrine;
What should she do?—relapse?—relent!
Bewildered and amazed,
Almost to penitence she turned,
As on that child she gazed.

Then, from a deep recess,
Pealed forth the voice of fate,
Quelling that agony of doubt,
With the strong tones—"Too late!"
"Too late!"—Those cabalistic words
The threatening billow swayed;
And Bourbon's throneless dynasty
Passed like an empty shade.

"Too late!" those sounds of woe,
Alas, have sometimes hung,
Amid the parting gasp and groan,
Upon the quivering tongue—
Death hath no other pang so keen,
Though all his terrors roll—
The knell of life forever lost,
The funeral of the soul.

* Arago.

† Lamartine.

‡ After the revolution of Feb. 1848, a strong sensation was produced in the National Assembly, by the appearance there of the Duchess of Orleans, leading the young Count of Paris, and asking for him the throne of France.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

RABIES AND HYDROPHOBIA.

THERE is, at this time, very general excitement in regard to rabies and hydrophobia; and I have been induced to attempt to give some information, which may help to correct some of the prevailing errors respecting these diseases, and to encourage those who may suppose themselves in danger.

Some years since, circumstances led me to look into this subject; and I shall now do little more than transcribe such opinions of scientific or experienced men, as I believe to be correct. I have found in "Blaine's Canine Pathology," and "Youatt on the Dog," some new matter, and much that confirms the judgment of others, and I shall take from them freely, with as much conciseness as may be consistent with a tolerable understanding of the subject.

Hydrophobia is a misnomer when applied to the dog, and is only applicable to the disease in man. *The dog, in every stage of madness, seeks water with avidity.* He is consumed by burning thirst, and, instead of shunning it, he has an extraordinary and unquenchable longing for it. None of the nervous sensations at the sight of liquids, which distinguish hydrophobia in man, are ever seen in the dog. He may, in some cases, be unable to swallow, from inflammation, but he will make the attempt, and will plunge his mouth into water to cool his raging fever.

It is *rabies* in the dog, and it is a matter of dispute whether it is ever, now, of spontaneous origin, or produced solely by inoculation. The latter doctrine is generally entertained, and the best writers say they have never known an instance where rabies has occurred in a dog wholly secluded from all access to others. The most prominent symptoms of rabies are, some peculiarity of manner or departure from the usual habits of the animal. Sullenness, listlessness, and a continual shifting of posture, picking up sticks, straws, paper, or any small objects—a disposition to lick anything cold, such as iron, stone, &c.—gazing strangely about him as he lies in his bed, with his countenance clouded and suspicious—the constantly licking, scratching, or biting, a particular spot or portion of the body, where the scar, where the poison was received, may be found. A peculiar delirium is an early symptom, in which he is acted upon by sudden impressions, as noises, the appearance of a stranger, &c. This often yields to a momentary stupor, from which he will suddenly start up, fix his eyes steadfastly on some object, often an imaginary one, at which he will fly violently. His master's voice dispels the terror, to be again renewed. At times some strange fancy is evidently passing through his mind, unalloyed by the slightest portion of ferocity. The irritability is marked by extreme impatience of control, and a disposition to resist any slight offence commonly shows itself, even when there is no inclination to attack those around him. A stick held to him may excite his anger, even to those to whom he is most attached, and he will seize and shake it with violence. If the foot or hand of a

person he knows is held out to him, he will mumble rather than tear it, unless he is in a state of very great excitement. The palsy of the organs of mastication, and dropping of the food after it has been partly chewed, is a strong symptom. There is an increase of saliva about the mouth, but much less than in epilepsy or common nausea; and the stories told of mad dogs covered with froth, are fabulous. The saliva becomes glutinous and annoys the dog excessively. He attempts to detach it violently with his paws, which action cannot be mistaken as indicative of rabies. There is a singular brightness in the eye of the rabid dog, but it does not last more than a day or two, and it then becomes dull and wasted. A rabid dog is apparently regardless of pain, or has a total loss of feeling, and will bite a red-hot poker or coals of fire, or be severely beaten, but a cry is never forced from him. In some cases there appears a stiffness about the jaw, and a hollow sound is emitted in breathing. The mouth remains open, the tongue hangs out and appears livid or almost black.

The degree of irritability in the rabid dog is much influenced by the general character of the animal. One naturally ferocious is rendered more so, while those which are affectionate and accustomed to obedience, do not usually show violence, and will rarely attack any person, much less those with whom they are familiar. The disposition to rove seems an instinct to propagate the disease. During this stage the rabid dog looks anxiously round for other dogs, and whenever he discovers one, he falls upon him, gives him one shake, and passes on. He is not shunned by other dogs, and nothing is more erroneous than the supposition that a healthy dog instinctively knows a mad one; unless it may be the absurdity that the bite of a healthy dog is dangerous should he ever afterwards become mad. The rabid dog will seldom turn out of his way to bite human beings, nor are they so liable to attack horses or other animals, as their own kind.

The rabid howl is so very peculiar, that it may be said never to be heard unless from a dog decidedly mad. It has sometimes a choking hoarseness with it, but is usually a compound of something between a bark and a howl. When once heard it can never be forgotten, and is so characteristic that it may be implicitly relied on. It does not invariably accompany madness, as occasionally dogs are mute from inflammation.

The intervening time between the inoculation and the appearance of the consequent disease, is very variable. In the dog, in the majority of instances, the effects appear between the third and seventh week—one week is the shortest time recorded; and cases do, now and then, occur where they have been protracted to three, four, or more months. In horses and cattle, the average time is the same as with the dog.

In man, the symptoms of disease appear from three weeks to six or seven months after the bite. One case is authenticated, in which the hydrophobic symptoms were delayed until a twelve-month

after inoculation, but it is very doubtful whether they have ever been protracted a number of years, as is sometimes stated. *The duration of the disease* is different in different animals. In man it has run its course in twenty-four hours, and rarely exceeds three days. In the horse three or four days, in sheep and oxen five to seven, and in the dog from four to six.

The rabid poison is only received into the system by the actual insertion of it by means of an abraded surface; and it has been a generally entertained opinion that it enters the circulation immediately, in the same manner as the poison of venomous reptiles. This is now believed to be entirely erroneous, and the opinion among the best writers is—that *the virus remains stationary within the wounded part* until it is excited into action by some irritation in such part—that it remains perfectly undecomposed, does not enter into the circulation, and lies dormant for an uncertain period, till its constant presence as a foreign body, renders the nervous fibre more irritable and susceptible of impression. Whatever are the principles of its action, the surrounding parts evince the pressure of a stimulus which usually first shows itself by a slight inflammation, attended with itching in the dog, which is denoted by the constant licking and even gnawing of the bitten part. In man, the attack is often commenced by an irritation where the wound was received, long after it has, to all appearance, entirely healed.

There has been a great variety of curative treatment of rabies in the dog, and hydrophobia in man, but there is reason to believe that there is no well authenticated case of the real malady having yielded to any treatment, either in man or beast, after it has actually made its active attack.

But there is safety in *preventive treatment*, by the adoption of judicious means when the wounded part can be distinctly ascertained. Very many articles have been considered a specific against the disease, but none should be relied on alone, although some may be useful when joined to the excision or cauterization of the wounded part. By the complete destruction of the wounded part the patient may be rendered perfectly safe, and his mind set at ease—and it is of little consequence at what time the removal takes place, provided it be within the limits of the inoculation and those of the morbid symptoms. This circumstance is of immense importance to the human subject, and it is fully supported by facts—that *the removal of the bitten part is as effectual at any time previously to the symptoms appearing as at the first moment after the bite*, even after the wound has entirely healed. Yet, as it is always uncertain at what time the secondary inflammation may take place, it is prudent to perform the excision or cauterization as soon as convenient.

The mode of application must depend much on the character of the wound. *Excision* of the part is effectual, where it can be applied with safety, but great caution is necessary that the knife or blood do not communicate the poison. *The actual*

cautery is an eligible remedy when the wound is of such determinate form as to admit of this application.

Caustics are, however, preferable, and of these *nitrate of silver* or *lunar caustic* has been found the most manageable and effective. It may be cut or scraped to any shape to suit the form of the wound. In case of extensive lacerations, or wounds difficult to be reached otherwise, liquid caustics may be applied with effect. As a physician would generally be called in, he could best determine the mode of application. The caustic gives less pain than other means, and, by removing the slough formed, it may be carried to any depth and to any extent, with the certainty of destroying the virus as it proceeds.

There is much unnecessary alarm in regard to this subject of madness, and a prejudice is excited against the dog—that old friend and associate of man. We forget his watchfulness for us, the fidelity he has manifested, and the affection he expresses to us in every look and action. It is very common to mistake other diseases for madness, such as epilepsy, colic, &c., and many poor animals have been driven to frenzy by continued persecution when suffering from causes which should call for our care and protection. In a time of panic the least illness is construed into rabies.

We cry mad dog, and he is remorselessly knocked on the head, while he is looking to us for kindness. Many who are attached to him, dare not associate with him, from a totally unnecessary dread grounded on the supposition that he can become rabid from a variety of other circumstances, besides the bite of an affected dog. Nothing but a successful inoculation can produce it, nor, out of the dogs actually bitten, do more than one in three or four become mad. Out of fifty dogs inoculated with virus in the veterinary school at Berlin, fourteen only were infected.

The disease never makes its first appearance with any mischievous tendency. The slightest degree of attention will always detect some peculiarity in the manner of the affected dog, and this may be observed one day at least, and commonly two days, before any vicious inclination shows itself. In a great number of cases no mischievous disposition at all appears towards human beings through the whole complaint, unless it is called forth by opposition and violence. Indeed, the dog often shows an affection for his master and family through every stage of the disease, and his devotion is not shaken by his sufferings, nor will he intentionally injure the hands which have fed or caressed him.

Let those who have been wounded by dogs, known or suspected to be mad, be comforted by the reflection that a very large proportion of persons bitten are not affected by the disease, where no precautions whatever are taken, and the perfect security they may feel, after having submitted to the preventive treatment. The celebrated John Hunter, who was not accustomed to state facts without examination, says that out of twenty per-

sons bitten by a mad dog, only one was infected—and Dr. Vaughan relates that between twenty and thirty persons were bitten by another dog, out of which number only one was infected. Youatt thinks that one in four might take the disease, but comparing several writers it is safe to believe that not more than one person in twelve or sixteen are troubled after the bite has healed, and they have done nothing to help themselves. Both Blaine and Youatt have been repeatedly bitten, by dogs decidedly rabid, without any dread whatever, their experience having taught them the absolute certainty of the preventive means. Youatt says that when he has been overfatigued or out of temper, he has sometimes felt an itching and throbbing in some of the old sores, and they have become red and swollen without any further inconvenience.

There have been cases in Boston and its vicinity, where persons have been bitten, many years ago, by mad dogs, and are now in the enjoyment of good health. One person so bitten, when a child, has occasionally experienced some trouble in swallowing liquids, but has otherwise felt no ill effects.

In many cases, called hydrophobia, imagination has doubtless done its work, and the nervous system has been so shattered, by continually brooding over anticipated evil, that the apprehension has induced the disease.

From the National Era.

THE "FRENCH NEUTRALS" AND ANTHONY BENEZET.

THE interest which Longfellow's beautiful pastoral of "Evangeline" has thrown around the simple settlers of Acadia, and their melancholy expulsion and sufferings, will warrant us in reviving a passage in their history, with which we presume but few of our readers are familiar.

About five hundred (Halliburton in his History of Nova Scotia says 415) of these unhappy people were landed in Philadelphia, in a condition of extreme destitution and suffering. On their disembarkation, the overseers of the poor took charge of them, and placed them in a building which had formerly been occupied by soldiers. They had endured on the voyage all the horrors of the "middle passage;" some were hopelessly diseased; and all were enfeebled by the want of pure air, and of sufficient and wholesome food. Some had become stupidly dejected; others still wildly lamented their separation from near and dear connections. As they passed through the streets of the strange city, squalid, sick, despairing, none could have recognized, in their mournful procession, the proverbially gay and happy peasantry of Acadia, in whose evening dances old and young joined with equal zest and hilarity, and whose simple enjoyments of home and faith the poet has not exaggerated. They had scarcely reached their lodgings before they were visited by one of their countrymen, the excellent Anthony Benezet, who spoke to them in their own tongue,

entered into close sympathy with them in their great afflictions, listened to the tale of their wrongs, and made it known to others.

To the sick and the dying, (says Vaux, in his Life of Benezet,) he administered relief so long as human exertion was availing, or could hope for success; and when death terminated the sufferings of any of them, he would perform the last office of respect to their remains. The inconvenient construction of the barracks, as well as want of room in them, being ill suited to their accommodation, he solicited permission of his friend, the pious Samuel Emlen, to occupy part of a square of ground owned by him in the south-western section of Philadelphia, with buildings for the residence of the neutrals. The grant being promptly made, Benezet proceeded to collect subscriptions, and was soon enabled to purchase materials and erect a sufficient number of small houses, to which they were immediately removed. The supply from the public treasury ceasing on their change of situation, he was obliged to devise modes of employment for them to procure a livelihood; and among various occupations, to which he directed their attention, was the manufacture of wooden shoes and linsey cloth; the material for the composition of the latter article was principally obtained by their gathering rags from the streets of the city, which they washed, and otherwise prepared for the purpose. In addition to the personal services thus rendered, he paid out of his small income annuities to several of the most ancient and helpless. It is related of him, among other proofs of his kindness toward them, that his wife, having made unsuccessful search for a pair of blankets which she had recently purchased for the use of the family, came into the room where her husband was writing, and expressing some surprise as to what could have become of them, his attention was arrested, and when he understood the cause of her uneasiness, "Oh, (said he,) my dear, I gave them, some evenings since, to one of the poor neutrals." Thus for several years he devoted himself to the advancement of the interests of those people, who, by death, and removal to different places, were ultimately reduced to a very small number. Such was his assiduity and care of them, that it produced a jealousy in the mind of one of the oldest men among them, of a very novel and curious description; which was communicated to a friend of Benezet's, to whom he said: "*It is impossible that all this kindness is disinterested; Mr. Benezet must certainly intend to recompense himself by treacherously selling us.*" When their patron and protector was informed of this ungrateful suspicion, it was so far from producing an emotion of anger, or an expression of indignation, that he lifted up his hands, and laughed immoderately.

If any proof were needed to show that the benevolence manifested by Benezet towards the victims of slavery and the slave trade, was not a temporary impulse, but an abiding principle of action, extending to every class of his fellow-creatures, to the suffering and the wronged of every color and clime, it might be found in his active sympathy with the poor "French Neutrals." It was the natural fruit of the Divine life of Christianity in his spirit—of love to God manifested in love to all mankind—the habitual exercise of a heart baptized into a sense of the infinite compas-

sion of Him who went about doing good, and at last laid down his life for the salvation of the race.

J. G. W.

From the National Era.

LAMARTINE.

AN American correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Paris, says:

I have inquired particularly concerning the character of Lamartine. If my authority is to be trusted—and I have no doubt of its truth—he is in many points like Webster, without his energy of character, his vigor and breadth of mind. In many respects, he is a well-intentioned man. He would be glad to see society prosperous, and especially would he be glad to please all parties and every man. This latter trait makes him vacillating and compromising. He has been compared to Washington, but he has none of Washington's simple dignity—none of his fixedness of purpose. He has been returned to the legislature from ten departments, for the course he has taken—commendable so far as he could go—but no person now looks to him to devise measures or to sustain them, which shall deliver the nation from its debts, its liabilities to future outlay exceeding available funds, and the universal discontent of an impoverished people.

This may all be true, but we cannot believe it. It seems to us that the man who, at the critical point of the revolution in Paris, when conservative statesmen and half-way reformers, and thorough destructives were utterly perplexed, unable to decide what to do, saw clearly the bearings and signification of the great event; discerned the necessity of the hour, and the want of France; gave voice to the popular will and consummated the downfall of the monarchy and of all time-serving expectants, by proclaiming the republic, must possess something of Webster's "breadth of mind," with an "energy of character" far superior to his. We must believe that it required something more than a mere "well-intentioned" man to assume boldly the direction of the affairs of thirty-five millions of people; carry on a provisional government efficiently for many months, with no other foundation than his own sagacity in expressing the views and purposes of the people; decree at once the abolition of slavery throughout all the French dominions; proclaim and establish, in defiance of the popular lust of war and propaganda, the policy of peace and non-intervention with the affairs of other nations; maintain order and respect for the rights of property, without physical force to back his decrees, amid a revolution, too, originating chiefly in the demands of labor and its anarchical relations to capital; and, by his sublime denunciation of the emblem of the red republic, and his brave and politic adherence to Ledru-Rollin, at the hazard of political death, disarm insurrection of its power.

Cavaignac comes up after the achievement of the revolution. It is easy enough to extol his decision of character and directness of dealing. But what would these qualities have availed in

the first stages of the revolution? Not only decision was then required, but a clear, certain comprehension of the demands of the people, and the tact to enlist them on the side of order. And what would he have done in the difficult position in which Lamartine was placed—everything in a transition state—the republic inchoate—the friends of order, the bourgeoisie, unorganized and without confidence in each other, while socialists of every class were urging their schemes of reforms, many of them seeking to uproot all society from its foundations, and revive the Robespierian era? We estimate the prudence and energy of Cavaignac as highly as any one, but we do not discredit his statesmanship when we say that he would have failed where Lamartine triumphed. Genius, which is gifted with the quick intuition of inspiration, carried the poet-statesman through the crisis, to which plain sense and ordinary prudence, however associated with decisive energy, would have been unequal.

It is quite probable that Lamartine might have stumbled in financial affairs—that other men may far excel him in expedients to raise money and inspire confidence in the trading community. But look at the grand work performed by this man during the brief period of his power—the abolition of capital punishment for political offences, the establishment of universal suffrage, the abolition of all slavery, the adoption of the principle of non-intervention and of a permanent pacific policy. To Lamartine, more than any other man in France, she owes the peace with foreign nations she now enjoys—a peace affording her leisure to perfect her new institutions. The great measures he projected while the cauldron of the revolution was boiling, are now being consolidated into a system of permanent policy.

Enough—let us leave the work of defaming and disparaging such a man to the envious or stupid of his countrymen, who will not or cannot comprehend his worth—men who have just staked the destinies of France on the shadow of a name.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO LAMARTINE.

I DID not praise thee when the crowd,
'Witched with the moment's inspiration,
Vext the still ether with hosannas loud
And stamped their dusty adoration;
I but looked upward with the rest,
And, when they shouted Greatest, whispered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee,
Their fickle wreaths about thee flinging;
So on some marble Phœbus the high sea
Might leave his worthless seaweed clinging,
But pious hands with reverent care
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely bare.

Now thou'rt thy plain grand self again,
Thou art secure from panegyric,
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain
And actedst freedom's noblest lyric;
This side the blessed isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a wreath for thee.

Nor can blame cling to thee : the snow
 From swinish foot-prints takes no staining,
 But, leaving the gross soils of earth below,
 Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,
 And unresenting falls again
 To beautify the world with dews and rain.

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed
 Was laid on thee—out of wild chaos,
 When the roused popular ocean foamed and chafed,
 And vulture war from his Imaus
 Snuffed blood—to summon homely peace
 And show that only order is release.

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
 Time was not granted? aye in hist'ry,
 Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo
 Left shapeless, grander for its myst'ry,
 Thy great Design shall stand, and day
 Flood its blind front from Orient far away.

Who says thy Day is o'er! Control,
 My heart, that bitter first emotion;
 While men shall reverence the steadfast soul,
 The heart in silent self-devotion
 Breaking, the mild heroic mien,
 Thou'lt need no prop of marble, Lamartine.

If France rejects thee, 't is not thine,
 But her own exile that she utters;
 Ideal France, the deathless, the divine,
 Will be where thy white pennon flutters,
 As once the nobler Athens went
 With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting metewand bath To-day
 For measuring spirits of thy stature;
 Only the future can reach up to lay
 The laurel on that lofty nature;
 Bard, who with some diviner art
 Hast touched the bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened chords,
 Crashed now in discords fierce by others,
 Gave forth one note beyond all skill of words,
 And chimed together—we are brothers;
 O, poem unsurpassed! it ran
 All round the world unlocking man to man.

France is too poor to pay alone
 The service of that ample spirit;
 Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne,
 If balanced with thy simple merit;
 They had to thee been rust and loss,
 Thy aim was higher, thou hast climbed a cross.

J. R. L.

AUSTRIA'S RESURRECTION.

[In connection with the following article from the Times, the readers of the Living Age should look at Vol. XVIII., p. 354, where the same paper speaks of the Vanishing of Austria.]

AMONGST the transformations of last year, the most unlooked for is that which has restored the Austrian empire from the apparent extremity of decrepitude and imbecility to vigor, youth, and intelligence. Struck, like other nations and empires, by the lightning of the revolution—threatened more than other empires by the dissolution of its component promises, the blow seems rather to have swept away the encumbrances of the state than to have touched it to the quick: it killed the ivy, but

it delivered the tree; and, in the place of tottering institutions, and the petrified effigy of extinct authority, the world beholds a young and gallant prince upon the throne, surrounded by soldiers and statesmen in the full vigor of activity and lustre of renown.

The importance of a democratic movement like that which we have recently witnessed in almost every European community is entirely relative. Its real strength lies not so much in any lasting power of its own, as in the absence or weakness of the social institutions which are opposed to it. In France and in Prussia, from the moment that the all-pervading machinery of the administrative power was suspended or transferred to other hands, the noisiest club became the leading power, and the mob rushed in over the prostrate servants of the state. In Paris or in Berlin the National Assembly as it was in John street would have been a power, and Mr. Cuffy might have been prefect of police—not that in reality such assemblages or such demagogues were more paltry and contemptible in London than elsewhere, but that amongst us they were dwarfed by the majesty of the constitution, whilst in less fortunate countries and over the dead flat of democracy they reigned supreme. The case of the Austrian empire was not, however, to be compared to that of the northern and western revolution. The eruption, indeed, shrivelled in a moment the thing that called itself a government, and a strange apparition of pretended popular power rose into its place. But the life of Austria was no longer cooped up within the closet of Prince Metternich or trampled upon by the angry disputants who had been convoked under the name of a constituent assembly. The reality was not there: it was in the ranks of that army which was steadily collected to chastise invasion and to crush revolt; it was in the class of men, independent by their fortunes and dignified by their station, who at once stood forward to serve their country and to defend the great principles of policy and law; it was, lastly, in the youthful scion of the imperial house, who was ready to assume the crown and the duties which had fallen from the grasp of his luckless predecessor. With a united and loyal army, an honest and efficient aristocracy, and a hopeful sovereign, the cause of the people and the welfare of the nation in Austria have a prospect of successful and pacific progress which revolution and democracy still withhold from France and from Prussia. Even the absurdities and incompetency of the diet at Kremsier will not prevent Count Stadion from preparing the sound and practical measures which the state of the country requires, and the body which aspired to legislate for the empire may be allowed to talk itself out with perfect impunity.

Under these circumstances, the position of the Austrian government has become, from apparently the worst, one of the best in Europe. The campaigns in Lombardy and in Hungary have given it, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, the opportunity as

well as the right of settling the affairs of those countries on the basis most conducive to their own welfare and to the common interests of the empire. The Piedmontese have at length learned, in language which cannot be mistaken, that they have no alternative but to conclude a peace on the basis of the armistice, and that neither the conferences of Brussels nor the French army of the Alps would rescue Turin itself from an Austrian invasion if the campaign were reopened. The Hungarian insurrection has ended precisely like those of the 17th and 18th centuries, with the exception that, in our day, there are no Turkish allies to foment or prolong the contest. The Emperor Francis Joseph therefore finds himself surrounded by an army of half a million of men, already flushed by victory, and inured to the toils of war, to uphold his authority at home and his rights abroad. On the part of France, we believe that there is no disposition to measure the military strength of the republic against that of this colossal power, backed by the forces and policy of Russia; but, on the contrary, there is an evident disposition on the part of French statesmen to regulate their policy in Italy in concert with the views of the cabinet of Vienna. In Germany the maintenance of peace is more doubtful, because the assembly at Frankfurt seems bent on lending its authority to the scheme of Prussian ascendancy, and because Prussia herself more openly displays her resolution to struggle for the prize. But whatever may be said or done elsewhere, the peace and independence of Germany are indissolubly connected with the part which Austria may take in her councils. We so far agree with the German radicals, who rest their opposition to the Prussian scheme on the exclusion of Austria, that Germany is not Germany without her, and no compact can be effectual which does not include her name.

But, in considering the foreign relations and the future destinies of this great power, the point upon which it most becomes us earnestly to insist is her firm and lasting connection with ourselves. United to one another by centuries of successful resistance to the encroachments of other states, and by common interests which have survived the lapse of centuries, if there ever was a time when it especially became the duty and the policy of this country to lend her best support to the house of Austria, it is this present time, in which so many established principles of union are dissolved, and when the cabinet of Vienna is no longer the seat of bigotry and absolutism, but of an enlightened, progressive, and temperate government. We pause not at this moment to inquire whether such has been the course of England. We need not again record who it was that deserted Austria in her hour of need, and sought to trample on her and cajole her because he thought her weak and unfortunate. But the official organ of the imperi-

al government, the *Presse* of Vienna, does us as a nation no more than justice when it states, that these proceedings are not those of the people of England or of the Queen of England. We are confident that the day cannot be distant when the interests and traditional respect of these two great states will no longer be sacrificed to pique, when England will not be represented by dotage dreaming of revolution, and the pride of Austria will not be condemned to withhold every mark of amity from Windsor and from London, lest she should receive an outrage in return. We trust that some such happy resipiscence will begin before other combinations have sprung up amongst the powers of the continent, based upon no other foundation than the dread and distrust of a policy which is as little adapted to the taste of this country as to that of our allies. It is due to them, it is due to ourselves, that the real character of our relations with such a power as Austria should be clearly understood to rest upon the ground of mutual respect and good faith, and that every action inconsistent with the principles of such an alliance should be repudiated by the government and condemned by the nation.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN AND THE SCOTCH FISHERMEN.—The recent melancholy shipwrecks on the coast of Scotland have attracted universal condolence with the unfortunate class of fishermen. We are glad, however, to announce that the general sympathy has, at least in one instance, been shown in a practical shape, and that the noble and benevolent Earl of Aberdeen has given orders for a first-rate barometer to be placed in a solid block of granite, and to be fixed in a conspicuous and accessible spot on the coast near Aberdeen, for the sole use and advantage of the fishermen of that neighborhood. The instrument, which is fitted in a Gothic case, made of solid carved oak, surmounted with the earl's coronet, has the advantage of the double verniers for registering from one observation to another. It is the opinion of numbers of old and experienced seamen that many of the accidents occurring from storms at sea arise from the want of due observation of the barometer; and, if the same attention were paid to the indication of the coming gale given by the barometer as was observed on board Lord Collingwood's ship, we should not have to record so many grievous disasters to our intrepid but careless seafaring population. In Lord Collingwood's ship, we are told, it was the custom of every officer of the watch to take a register of the barometer on going on duty, and it was generally remarked that by so doing they frequently, by reducing sail, &c., were enabled to guard against accident. We have no doubt that this very appropriate and handsome present of the Earl of Aberdeen will be duly valued by his lordship's tenantry; and we are sure that the hardy and fearless race of fishermen will not fail to evince their gratitude to the noble earl by strictly attending to the indications of the barometer, and thus save their property and their lives from destruction, and their wives and families from destitution.—*Standard*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Case of Mr. Shore.* London: 1848.
2. *Apostasy. A Sermon in reference to a late Event at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.* By the Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.
3. *A Reply to "A Statement of Facts" made by Mr. Alexander Chisolm, B. A., in reference to a late Event.* By the Rev. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.

HENRY VIII., who spared neither man in his anger, nor woman in his lust, had not intended to spare that child of the Church of Rome—the Canon Law. He silenced its professors at the universities, forbade the granting of degrees in it, and nominated a commission for its reform. But, *beati possessorum!* is a maxim of the law. Its masters of the science of defence have always been excellent in their own behalf. "Hal, thou knowest my old ward!" Westminster Hall wore out Cromwell; and Henry VIII. was baffled by Doctors' Commons. For commissions sometimes came to nothing, even under the Tudors. If ecclesiastical law had been looked into once in a hundred years for that most important of all reforms—the purpose of accommodating it to the intelligence and spirit of the times—it would have been impossible that there should have existed at this day such a case as that of Mr. Shore. And, even in the present state of things, such a law would never have rushed out like a spider from a cobweb upon its prey, in case episcopal authority had always the good fortune to be placed in prudent hands.

Mr. Shore was a clergyman of the Church of England—and, unluckily for him, in the diocese of Exeter. He seceded from the church; and on his proceeding to officiate as a dissenter, his bishop turned the tables on him, proceeded against him as a deserter, and put him in the ecclesiastical court.

Under these circumstances, the Delphic oracle of Doctors' Commons has been consulted; and the following response in the name of the advocate-general, Sir John Dodson, has gone the round of all the newspapers.

"1. I am of opinion that a priest in holy orders of the Church of England, although styling himself a seceder from that church, and being, in fact, a voluntary seceder therefrom, may be committed to prison for contempt of court in preaching as a dissenting minister, contrary to the lawful monition of the court. 2. It is quite obvious that neither deposition from holy orders, degradation, or excommunication, can confer on a clergyman a legal right to officiate or preach as a dissenting minister. 3. I think that if the bishop were to degrade and depose a clergyman from holy orders, he might be liable to the penalties imposed by the statute 41 Geo. 3. c. 63., if he attempted to sit in the commons house of parliament. 4. I am of opinion that excommunication would not entirely release a clergyman from his priestly character, so as to give him the status of a layman.—Doctors' Commons, Aug. 24, 1848."

Nobody who has read the parliamentary proceedings in the case of Horne Tooke will question this opinion. The debates upon his eligibility to sit in the house of commons, and afterwards on the bill to prevent persons in holy orders from sitting there, appear conclusive. (Parl. Hist., vol. xxxv. 1349, 1542.) But, what the law is, is one thing; what it ought to be, is another. On the legal question we willingly accept the authority of Sir W. Scott and of Lord Eldon. (1395. 1414. 1544.) On the political question we infinitely prefer the authority of Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Holland, as intimated on that occasion.

The reasonable part of the clergy will not thank the Bishop of Exeter for reviving a discussion of this description—under circumstances so much resembling intolerance and oppression. Lord Thurlow objected, we think unreasonably, to the bill for preventing clergymen from sitting in the house of commons. He called it a bill of disfranchisement. But in his disapprobation of the law of idelibility we cordially agree. Lord Thurlow observed, that—"if it were the law that the character of a clergyman was indelible, it was a little hard because a person had been in orders thirty years ago, but had ever since left off discharging the functions and enjoying the privileges peculiar to priests or persons in orders, to tell him that he should belong to no other profession, but should still remain a clergyman; although he might from conscientious motives have felt it repugnant to his feelings to continue a clergyman any longer. That several persons who had been ordained clergymen in their early days, and were in possession of lucrative benefices, had at a subsequent period conscientiously laid down those benefices and quitted the profession, was a fact which must have come within the knowledge of most of their lordships."

The same indulgence which their diocesans have shown to clergymen falling off into Unitarianism, and latterly to clergymen relapsing into the Church of Rome, why could not the zeal of Dr. Phillpotts extend to Mr. Shore! Mr. Lindsey* was allowed

* Mr. Lindsey having resigned the living of Catterick, in Yorkshire, was the minister of Essex Street Chapel for about fifteen years. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Disney, who had been the rector of Panton and vicar of Swinderby, in the diocese of Lincoln. The Rev. Theophilus Browne, formerly a tutor of one of the colleges at Cambridge, was afterwards the minister of the Unitarian congregation, first at Warminster and next at Norwich. Another clergyman, of the name of Stephen Weaver Brown, was for some time minister of the Unitarian congregation in Monkwell street, London. The Rev. Thomas Fyshe Palmer, a fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, was for some time the minister of a small Unitarian congregation at Dundee. In 1793, the law of sedition was cruelly perverted against Mr. Palmer, one of the Scotch "martyrs" to parliamentary reform. But no intolerant prelate had thought of persecuting him for withdrawing his spiritual allegiance. We have confined ourselves to a single case—that of clergymen converted into Unitarian ministers. The list might undoubtedly be enlarged; but it is long enough to entitle us to ask with what decency can the moral ignominy of perjury and apostasy be sought to be affixed by reasoners like Mr. Bennett, to a conscientious change of opinion—take for instance the history of Blanco White;—or under what color of justice or discretion a law can be maintained, by which men like these may be sent to prison by bishops like Dr. Phillpotts, on the charge of contempt of court and of the Church of England?

peaceably to officiate in Essex Street Chapel; and Dr. Armstrong is officiating at present, as a Unitarian, at Bristol. Are Dr. Phillpotts and Mr. Bennett prepared to institute proceedings against Mr. Newman, and the flock of unhappy curates who, after the example of Mr. Newman, have attempted to divest themselves of their Anglican Orders? Or have they a sympathy for the Church of Rome, which they refuse to our Presbyterian ministry or to other forms of Protestant dissent? That the Church of England technically acknowledges the validity of the Orders of the Church of Rome, makes no difference in the present question; since a Church of England clergyman cannot become a Roman Catholic priest, without treating his Anglican Orders as waste paper or something worse.

We could have been content that the mystery of Holy Orders should have remained a mystery of the closet and the profession. But Dr. Phillpotts has thought it fitting to force it to an issue; and has so chosen his ground as to make it a case of conscience and religious liberty. What endless oppression and hypocrisy, what a sacrifice of the inside of the platter to the outside, is comprised in the maxim—"once a clergyman always a clergyman," applied to a thinking age! A passage from Dr. Campbell's "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History" may assist us in forming some sort of notion of the kind of reasons upon which these sacramental pretensions were originally founded, and on the consequences which their originators supposed them to involve. The decrees of the Council of Trent are among the authorities quoted by Lord Eldon in support of the doctrine, of which Mr. Shore is now about to be made the victim. The Popish pedigree of the doctrine is quite correct. The Church of England took it bodily from the Church of Rome; where it had been debated as a sacrament, and as a point of school divinity—never as a question of Scripture, or public policy, or common sense. What passed the Council of Trent upon the subject, we will sum up in the words of Dr. Campbell.

"In regard to the indelibility, all agreed; inasmuch that though a bishop, priest, or deacon, turn heretic or schismatic, Deist or Atheist, he still retains the *character*; and though not a Christian man, he is still a Christian bishop, priest, or deacon; nay, though he be degraded from his office, and excommunicated, he is, in respect of the *character*, still the same. Though he be cut off from the church, he is still a minister in the church. In such a situation to perform any of the sacred functions would be in him a deadly sin; but these would be equally valid as before. Thus he may not be within the pale of the church himself, and yet be in the church, a minister of Jesus Christ. He may openly and solemnly blaspheme God, and abjure the faith of Christ. He may apostatize to Judaism, Mahomedanism, or Paganism—he still retains the *character*. He may even become a priest of Jupiter or a priest of Baal,

and still continue a priest of Jesus Christ. The *character*, say the schoolmen, is not cancelled in the damned, but remains with the wicked, to their disgrace and greater confusion. So that even in hell they are the ministers of Jesus Christ, and the messengers of the New Covenant. Nor is it cancelled in the blessed; but remains in heaven with them, for their greater ornament and glory."

The English Parliament will surely enter upon the subject in a different spirit, and settle it on other grounds.

ENORMOUS APPLICATION OF THE ELECTROTYPE PROCESS.—An enormous application of the electrotype, or galvano-plastic process, has been made in the sculpture of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, by the architect. After having made very important experiments, he was authorized to adopt this mode in the execution of the metallic sculptures and carvings for the following reasons: 1. The identical reproduction of the sculpture without chiselling. 2. The lightness of the pieces, which enabled the architect to introduce sculptures of higher relief than any hitherto known, and to fix the pieces suspended from the vaultings, without fear of accident, or of their being detached. 3. The great saving of expense between these and castings in bronze. The gilding also was effected by the same process, and presented equal advantages. The seven doors of the cathedral will be of bronze and electrotype, the framework being of the former, and the sculptural parts of the latter. Three of these doors are 30 feet high, and 44 feet wide, the four others 17 feet 8 inches wide. They contain 51 bas-reliefs, 63 statues, and 84 alto-relievo busts, of religious subjects and characters. The quantity of metal employed in the dome is as follows: Ducat gold, 247lb.; copper, 52½ tons; brass, 321½ tons; wrought iron, 524½ tons; cast iron, 1,068 tons. Total, 1,966½ tons.—*Builder*.

A PARACHUTE FOR COAL-PITS.—To descend into mines and coal-pits, and to ascend by means of vertical ladders, are operations so fatiguing that the pitmen prefer, in spite of the regulations which forbid it, to expose their lives to the risk of the strength of a rope, which, unfortunately, often breaks and precipitates them to the bottom. We attended recently an experiment, on a large scale, which demonstrated in the most efficient manner, that henceforth this danger no longer exists for the pitmen. By means of an extremely simple apparatus, the cuffat remains suspended in the middle of the shaft when the rope breaks. This trial was not made by means of a working model, but in a pit of some depth; the apparatus was worked by men who remained suspended in the well when the rope broke short off. For the future the parachute for coal-pits is no longer a theory; its efficacy is now established by practical facts. The effect of this apparatus was shown before a numerous company, comprised of men of information, the greater part familiar with the working of mines. Their satisfaction was so great that they spontaneously offered to the inventor to make affidavit on the spot of the facts to which they had been witnesses. Amongst the party was a gentleman who wished the experiment to be tried upon himself; the rope having snapped, he and the workman accompanying him were spontaneously stayed without feeling the slightest shock.—*Brussels Herald*.

ON SLAVE IMMIGRATION.

A PAMPHLET, DATED MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS EXCELLENCY REUBEN CHAPMAN, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

SIR,—Under the constitution, it becomes your duty to recommend to the legislature the enactment of such measures as you may deem best to promote the public welfare. For this reason I take the liberty of proposing for your consideration the question of prohibiting the further immigration of slaves into the State of Alabama, and a copy of the bill to be brought into the next legislature to amend the constitution so as to effect that purpose. A measure somewhat similar, but more limited in its character, has been heretofore proposed. I allude to the attempt to prohibit slaves from being brought in for sale. That scheme failed, I think for two reasons—first, because the public mind was not prepared for it; and, second, because the measure itself was too impotent to effect the good it aimed at. It was evident that such a law could be too easily evaded, and therefore did not strike at the root of the evil.

The State of Mississippi, I am informed, once had a similar law, and to provide against evasions, enacted that no slave brought into the state for the ostensible purpose of settlement should be sold or offered for sale within twelve months.

The result was that the slave dealers established plantations, stocked them with full supplies of negroes, and at the end of the required twelve months' residence sold out, and replenished again from abroad, and thus went through the same formula each succeeding year. The only probable advantage which that law conferred, enured to the negro dealer. It taught him that he could carry on his business more profitably and at less expense by having a farm, and raising his supplies of necessities, in the centre of the slave market.

The measure here contemplated is more extensive in its operation. It is to prevent the future immigration of slaves for any purpose whatsoever, and to be so framed as to vindicate itself by the forfeiture of the slave introduced contrary to its provisions, and the still further punishment of the law-breaker as a felon.

This, and this only, is deemed of sufficient severity to ensure to the state that self-protection which her situation demands—the reasons for which I will now proceed to give.

It is very evident to any one, who is not a careless observer, that a restless and uneasy state of public feeling exists in the slave states north of us upon the subject of slavery. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, are pervaded with a feeling of hostility to the institution, which is only suspended from open exhibition and action by the dread of pecuniary loss, and the hope of finally shifting their slave population for value received upon the south-western states. This last alternative will doubtless be accelerated by the enactment of prospective emancipation laws, which mean simply what it has ever meant by the states which have already abolished slavery—that is, that their citizens may have time enough to sell us their slaves, and having pocketed the price, to unite against us in the unjust and bitter crusades of the northern abolitionists.

It will then be easy to foresee that the Gulf states must become the St. Domingo of the continent, or rush into a war of extermination, to the utter prostration of their capital.

The states above-mentioned comprise more than half of the political strength of the slave states. It is therefore wise to endeavor to preserve our strength by keeping them on our side, and united with us in the same interest. This must be the result of the measure here advocated, not merely from the money value which these states affix to their slave population, but from the necessity of keeping in the only proper mode of subjection a class which otherwise will become a fearful nuisance. Or, if they be sincere in their ideas of abolition, if they are actuated by sickly sympathy for the condition of the slave, then, at least, we force them to turn their slaves loose upon their respective domains, and thus keep their own nuisances and submit to their own loss. But, it may be safely said, that this later alternative need not be apprehended. They dare not turn them loose.

But a stronger reason for immediate action upon this question lies nearer at home, and may be a startling assertion to those who have never investigated the subject. We have in our midst the germ of an anti-slavery party—not in the northern sense of the term—not men who sympathize with the slave, and would therefore turn them loose upon society; but composed of those who are wearied with the struggle of unproductive labor; those who deem of slavery that it has produced pecuniarily nought but barrenness, and politically nought but bitterness; those who desire more populous white communities for the purposes of trade and education; and of those who regard the slave as their rival in production. This combination of opinion against slavery has prodigiously increased within a few years, and is now increasing among us at a rapid pace. Numbers are every day added to those who long for the exodus of the slave; and unless we adopt, as a conservative measure, the plan here proposed, the time will come when we will see our capital in this species of property prostrated at a blow, and when, unprepared for such a change by any of the steps which a prudent foresight always adopts in mitigation, we will be in the same condition of poverty and embarrassment, without hope, which the misrule of Great Britain upon this same question has inflicted upon her West Indian dependencies. Upon this subject we cannot take the past as any indication for the security of the future. We can now, for the first time, see, within a short travel of us, the practical as well as political limitation of slave territory, whilst the business of slave breeding has extended in almost the same ratio as the productiveness of slave labor has diminished.

Some may think this an imprudent exposition under the present aspect of the relations existing between the North and South. I humbly conceive that those relations create a still stronger reason why the eyes of the South should be opened to the truth upon the question of extending slavery into the new territories. If there is anything which can unite the South in a firm and determined attitude to resist any deprivation of her rights of emigration and occupation, it is the fact that she is already over-supplied with a laboring population not sufficiently productive to remunerate her, and about the future fate of which she is compelled to entertain just and reasonable apprehensions.

Thus far the argument has been exclusively on the ground of self-defence; I propose now to consider it in its other aspects, and to answer some of the objections I have met with.

I insist that the unproductiveness of slave labor,

and its gradual, but certain, impoverishment of our state, is a sufficient reason for limiting its further propagation among us. Cotton and sugar are the only staples to which slave labor is reasonably fitted, and as but a small proportion of the slaves in the Union would soon fill up the lands profitably suited for the sugar culture, we are driven to assume that the cultivation of cotton is the only thing which can afford regular employment to the great mass of this population. In our state, upon an average calculation, cotton at its present price will hardly pay the expense of producing it, and it is only in the fertile valleys of the south-western rivers that it can be profitably raised—and there, even, at lower prices.

To these valleys the slave emigration of the non-cotton producing states is rapidly tending, and we are beset with the fear of over-production as well from that source as from the natural propagation of those now among us. That the number of cotton laborers is constantly and rapidly increasing here and in the best producing portion of the South, no one will contest, whilst, upon the other hand, we have no safe data upon which we can calculate for the increase of consumption beyond the natural increase of the populations of those countries which consume it, to which may be added a small increased consumption usually attendant upon the lowness of price; all of which, we may safely assert, cannot keep pace with the present increasing production. This, alone, must finally depreciate the value of slaves among us, until their transfer will become a mere nominal consideration.

One of the effects which the measure I propose would have upon our state, would be at once felt not only in curtailing the increasing supply of cotton, but in what is a natural corollary, the employment of capital in other pursuits which never have been less profitable than cotton planting, and which, at the present prices of cotton, are so infinitely superior as to require no detailed examination.

It may be asked whether the views here presented are not sufficient to impel our planters into the various other enterprises which are alluded to, by the considerations of their own interest, without the adoption of a measure which at first blush may revolt its feelings by its exclusiveness. I answer, no! The habit of a pursuit is as strong as any other kind of habit. Our people are accustomed to what they conceive are old and safe investments. If they make but little money directly by the production of labor, or merely pay expenses, they nevertheless suppose that they make a reasonable profit by the natural increase of their slaves, and do not reflect that, in a national point of view, if the workers are unproductive, so must be their issue.

Again, they know nothing about other pursuits, and as long as, with their surplus cash, they can purchase slaves, this habit, amounting to a constitutional indolence, will prevent their entering upon any investigation of other employments. To that investigation, and its consequent expectant fruits, they can only be driven by an unbending necessity. Our immense water power—our coal, iron, lead, marble, granite, lumber, turpentine—our capacity to produce wool and silk and hemp—to build railways, and to carry on commerce, may all, in turn, be presented to their minds in liveliest colors, and will produce but a barren assent. The state of Alabama is now poorer than she was fifteen years ago—notwithstanding that, within that period of time, there has been expended within her limits nearly ten millions of foreign capital, and for which

a heavy state debt is now hanging over her people, at the same time that her resources for taxation are every day diminishing; and while a question of fearful domestic import is agitated for her destruction, her political strength is yielding to the rottenness of a system which must finally reduce it to a cipher. The statistics of population exhibit, that as slaves increase, the white population decrease. This seems to be a law of population. With us, in the aggregate, it is undeniable, that slaves continue to increase, and if this is permitted to progress, with the consequent diminution of white population, the far future of the South presents a picture, which, although now but “seen through a glass darkly,” is of sufficient gloom to arouse into action her best energies, and prevent her from quiescently transmitting to posterity a problem, the solution of which seems so dreary a task.

I have been met with the objection, that as slaves form the principal feature in our system of taxation, the increase of that resource will be defeated, and taxes must fall heavier upon other property. I have already shown that the prospect of their future depreciation is so great as would scarcely leave them available for revenue purposes if the present system remains unchecked. This sufficiently answers the objection—while, again, the exclusion of their further introduction will, to a certain extent, appreciate the value of those remaining in the state. And it must be borne in mind, that of absolute necessity, the entire surplus production of the state, which is now annually represented by investment in slaves, must be forthwith engaged in many of those other pursuits, which, yielding comparatively immense profits, will add materially to the wealth of the state, build up sources of taxation, and create ability to pay, infinitely superior to that which is produced by slave labor.

Another objection is, that it would diminish the value of our lands. This is utterly untenable. As long as good lands can be purchased in the south-west at the government minimum, we have an established scale which must regulate the value of lands throughout the cotton region. Improved lands will only sell for as much more as the improvements are valued at aside from the land. If this rule is seen to be occasionally violated, it will be found to depend on some peculiarity of local condition, or upon private circumstances surrounding the individual purchaser. The result is, that our lands may be now rated at their lowest possible depreciation. On the other hand, the probabilities are that, following the enactment proposed, a healthy white immigration would soon commence, which would appreciate the price of lands, from the fact that the very cause which would then induce this kind of immigration exists nowhere in the south-west, nor elsewhere on the continent, with the same attractive condition of climate, soil, and natural resources. Even admitting, for the sake of the argument, that a depreciation would ensue, that of itself would be an inducement to a more immediate immigration, which would soon restore prices.

Some have asked whether the proposed restriction would not be an infringement of our obligations under the Federal Constitution! This is already *res judicata*. The whole subject came under review by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Groves et al. vs. Slaughter, reported in 15th Peters, p. 449, and the able opinion there delivered has settled the question in favor of the right and power of the states.

But, it may be inquired, why put restrictions upon the growth of an institution which has received the high praise of being conservative? for although it be less productive than other species of labor, is it not also less dangerous? That it is conservative, to a limited extent, I will not undertake to deny; but beyond this limit, as this whole argument proves, it must be disorganizing from its very impoverishing tendency. I have also sincere doubts whether this phase of the question of social conversation has or ever will have any real merits in this country, whatever its importance in older and more populous ones. It is supposed that our slaves, representing as they do the laboring class of other countries, are so absolutely controlled as to remove any fears of the untutored radicalism which seems to threaten the peace of those communities. If such an argument be good at all, it would, as a consecratory, lead to the social enslavement, or the extinction, of every free laboring population, so as to ensure the conservation of order, and prevent the much-feared peril of a conflict between labor and capital. But the fear of such a conflict with us, however distant, is, in my opinion, the result of a want of proper perception of the improving spirit and political economy of the age. We have yet to acquire the population to be feared, and it may safely be assumed that the great poverty leading to the debasement of any class has been well attributed to unequal and unjust laws, resulting from partial and ignorant legislation. There is enough in the world to supply every mouth, and this can be easily done, with a little more attention to the equity of distribution. True, we cannot destroy the distinction between wealth and poverty, which is necessary, and must always exist as long as men are created with unequal intellectual and physical proportions; but by the enactment of many just and wholesome laws, and the abrogation of the errors and inequalities of a legislation which yet shadows boldly its feudal descent, we may so mitigate the distinction as to prevent that amount of poverty and ignorance which, combined, produce the mob. And this, in the present enlightened and progressive phase of society, we have reason to expect and to hope.

In the limits which I have assigned myself, I am unable to do full justice to the subject to which I have called your attention, or to give the full scope and strength of the reasoning which sustains it. Born and reared at the South, I feel that I owe her my first duty and my best thoughts. This has induced me to venture, unaided, upon a task from which stronger hands have shrunk. What I have attempted has been with a pure devotion to the interests and prosperity of a country blessed beyond all others in her natural condition, but the development of whose resources are so far behind the civilization of the world as makes her seem to lack the Genius of Humanity.

With the highest consideration, I am your excellency's obedient servant, S. HEYDENFELDT.

WELL it is by Heaven designed,
That in mortal scenes of sorrow,
Ever the elastic mind
May in occupation find
Soothing comfort, and may borrow
Even from the source of grief
That which gives the heart relief.

Reginald Vere.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THREE UNPUBLISHED SONGS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild-bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is Care that will not leave us,
And Pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits Love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

"THOSE EYES THAT WERE SO BRIGHT, LOVE."

THOSE eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours;
That ripened all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers.

These locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned to gray;
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon;
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love,
That looks so shaded now;
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoilt a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore;
Still memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where hope admired before.

A TOAST.

COME! a health! and it's not to be slighted with
sips,

A cold pulse, or a spirit supine;
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup, of the purest and solidest ware,
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice it shall be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom with the age of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
Like the tree of the orange that bears on its bough
The bud, blossom, and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,—
"Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind
friend,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

From the Baltimore American.

A FEW REMARKS ON A POINT OF HISTORY.

THE leading article in the New York Evening Post, of the 4th instant, claims for General John E. Wool the credit of the battle of Buena Vista. The Courier and Enquirer has called upon the general to disclaim the pretensions thus set up for him. As yet no answer has been given to this call; although sufficient time is believed to have elapsed since the publication in the Post. The inference, therefore, is, that the general believes himself to be entitled to the laurels thus sought to be placed upon his brow.

A claim of this kind, thus backed, becomes of sufficient importance to notice, and the object of this communication is to show how utterly unfounded it is, in any one view that can be taken of the battle—in the purpose for which it was fought, the manner in which it was fought, or the results of it.

The battle of Buena Vista was, in fact, both lost and won—it comprised within it a defeat and victory. The public mind has rested on the latter, and forgotten the former. But it took place, nevertheless; and what is most remarkable, considering the pretensions now made—but as certain, nevertheless, as it is remarkable—is that of this defeat, which was swallowed up in the subsequent victory, General John E. Wool was the hero, if there can be the *hero of a defeat*. Understand us clearly. We do not mean to say that there was a victory gained by us, and a defeat suffered by our opponents—but we mean to say that the Americans were defeated at the battle of Buena Vista, while under the command of General Wool, and according to all human probability, would have “stayed defeated,” if General Taylor, arriving on the field after the defeat, had not taken matters out of the hands of General Wool, and retrieved the disasters which our arms had sustained under the leading of the latter.

In showing this we shall rely upon the official documents, and upon the admirable work of Capt. Carleton, called by the name of the battle—a work which does honor to the head and heart of its author, as well as to the literature of our country. A work, too, written by one who is the friend and eulogist of General Wool.

If we succeed in our showing, our readers will not be justified in supposing that General Wool did not do his duty at Buena Vista, or that he is not a good officer; but they will be perfectly justified in exclaiming at the folly of his friends, in setting up the claims they have done.

In the beginning of 1847, the Americans were in force at Tampico, under General Patterson, and at Monterey and Saltillo under General Taylor; while the flower of the Mexican army, commanded by Santa Anna, were at San Luis Potosi. The Mexican general was unable to move against either of the American columns, for fear of the march of the other upon San Luis; but when it was determined by our government to attack Vera

Cruz, and Patterson left Tampico, and the best of Taylor's troops were withdrawn from him, Santa Anna made his magnificent march across the desert, certain of crushing the remnant of the army at Agua Nueva, and retaking, in succession, Saltillo, Monterey, and all the places in our possession on the line of the Rio Grande—getting back again, in time to operate on the route from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. The plan was worthy of a great military mind, and every chance seemed to be in its favor; and so confident was its author of success, that he despatched as he advanced, a large force of cavalry, to get into the rear of our army, by unfrequented passes in the mountains, to be in readiness to intercept the fugitives from the battle he was about to fight.

Without going into the details of the campaign, it is enough for us to say here, that after crossing the desert, Santa Anna's road to Saltillo and Monterey lay through the valley, in which was the hacienda, or farm house and out-buildings, of Buena Vista, from which the great battle, fought hard-by, received its name.

In this valley Taylor determined to make a stand, because the nature of the ground was admirably suited to the action of a small party against a large one. The battle, which was the result of this determination, had for its object, on the part of the Mexicans, to open the valley for the free passage of their troops; and on the part of Taylor, to keep it closed against them. The party which did not accomplish its object, was, of course, the defeated one. It was not necessary, in order to give Santa Anna the victory, that he should take the whole American army prisoners of war, or destroy it—not at all; the opening of the road to Saltillo was victory for the Mexican general. So, on the other hand, it was not necessary, in order to give Taylor the victory, that he should capture his enemies or annihilate them. He was victor, if, with but a single regiment left of his whole army, he kept the valley closed against the Mexicans. This is necessary to be understood, if it is not already sufficiently plain to our readers. Battles are not fought merely for the sake of noise and the killing of men—at least not very often—but in view of objects, which are thought to justify them;—though some doubt whether there are any such objects. But to proceed:—

The valley in question cannot be better described than by supposing the reader to be standing on an eminence and looking down it. Before him, he would see an apparently smooth surface, lying between mountains on the right hand and on the left, and seamed, along its centre, by the broad dry channel of a stream, lying considerably below the general surface. If he now attempted to walk on either side of the stream, and midway between it and the mountains, he would find, that, instead of being smooth, as it appeared from the distance, the ground was traversed by deep gullies, running from the mountains to the stream, serving as water drains in the wet seasons, and having level plains, of greater or less width, between them. So that his road

would be an up and down one, across an alternating succession of plains and gullies of ravines. In this respect he would find the walk on the right of the stream much worse than on the left; and he would come to the conclusion that the Mexicans had done wisely when they placed the main road close along the left side of the stream, and across the mouths of the ravines, which there opened or emptied, in wet weather, their waters into it. Supposing, now, our reader to be passing along the road, the stream would be close to him on the right, and on the left hand he would have the mouths of the ravines, up which he would look towards the mountains—alternating with high ground, or bluffs, being the terminations, on that side, of the plains we have described as lying between the ravines. He would observe, too, that one of these bluffs came much nearer to the stream than the others, so near, indeed, as to allow scant room for the road at its base, and if he ever had a military idea in his mind, the idea would at once cross it, that this would be an admirable place for military resistance.

We trust that we have thus conveyed to our readers an idea of the valley in question, and the nature of the pass last mentioned, called by the Mexicans *La Angostura*, or "The Narrows," which was the centre of the American line on the 22d February, 1847.

The credit of selecting the valley as the battle ground is claimed by General Wool, and he also claims the credit of placing the army of the Americans in array upon it. The array was simple, very good, suggested by the nature of the ground, and the idea of it was a range of men, extending from mountain to mountain across the valley. Our readers must not imagine a line of men to be here meant who stood shoulder to shoulder; but bodies of men, placed in convenient positions, with greater or smaller intervals between them. The centre of this line was the main road, in which was placed a battery of eight pieces of cannon, afterwards reduced, when guns got to be in demand, to five—and, hard by the battery, were bodies of infantry. On the right of the stream was a single regiment and some cavalry and some guns, which, it was supposed, would, with the aid of the gullies, be sufficient to stop the Mexicans, if they attempted to ascend the valley on that side. This force was afterwards brought across the stream to aid in the pinch of the fight. On the left of the stream, where the ravines were fewer, and the plains between them wider, were two regiments of infantry suitably furnished with artillery, and extending from the central battery on the road, to the base of the left hand mountains. Cavalry and riflemen were posted on the skirt of the mountains. It would complicate our narrative to go more into detail, in regard to commanders, without aiding the argument. Our readers will obtain better the general idea of the battle which we desire to give, without this minute information.

We have thus shown the position of the Americans across the valley.

To break this array, Santa Anna divided his army into three columns, each of which nearly doubled the whole of Taylor's force. One of these was destined to open a passage along the road, and was opposed, therefore, to the eight gun battery. Another was intended to break its way between the mountain and the regiment nearest to it, which would have been what military men call outflanking the Americans; and the third column was selected to attack the bodies of troops which were stationed on the left of the stream, and between the battery in the road and the mountains. The Americans were, in fact, in the position of a man opposed to three others, in a narrow passage—the centre one trying to knock him down by a fair blow in front, and the others trying to get behind him to strike him in the back.

These being the positions of the armies, the battle began, on the afternoon of the 22d February, by an attempt of the Mexicans to get round the left of the American line, by climbing up the mountains, advancing, and then turning down; but as fast and as high as the Mexicans climbed, so fast and high climbed we—until, the top of the mountain being reached, no more climbing could be done; and with an occasional shot by way of keeping themselves warm, the climbers watched one another on the mountain until morning. This skirmishing was all the fighting of the first day. When it was seen that nothing more would be done until the morrow, Gen. Taylor, who, besides fighting Buena Vista, had to be prepared to protect Saltillo against the cavalry, already spoken of as being in his rear, left the field, with a regiment of foot and some dragoons, to make the proper defensive arrangements at the city. Gen. Wool then assumed the command at Buena Vista; and when the morning of the 22d dawned, the fight recommenced under his direction exclusively, and upon his responsibility; and so continued, until, as our narrative will show, he was a beaten general, with an army under him, that, having failed in the object for which it was fighting, was so far a defeated one—though not a routed one.

The battle of the 23d, commenced by Santa Anna attempting to force the American left; that is, trying to pass between the left of the Americans and the mountains, overthrowing the regiment nearest to its base. This regiment was the second Indiana. On its left were the mountains, on its right were the Illinoians. These troops might be likened to a folding door—the Indiana regiment forming one side or valve, whose hinge was on the mountains, and whose lock was with the Illinoians, whose hinge, in turn, was the eight gun battery in the rear. This door the Mexicans wanted to open, and they intended to attack the Indiana side, or valve, of it. But Gen. Lane, who was in command here, thought it better to anticipate this attack, which he did by advancing against the approaching Mexicans, taking with the regiment three pieces of artillery.

There are those who think it might have been wiser had the Indianians awaited the attack, sup-

ported as they were by the riflemen and cavalry on the one side, and the Illinoisians on the other—like the hinges and bolt of one side of a folding door. Be this, however, as it may, the Indianians advanced, and checked for a while the approaching Mexicans; but after they had fired twenty rounds of cartridges, they mistook an order to retreat for an order to run, and they incontinently turned tail and ran—not in fear—for their dead contradict that flatly—but in a panic. The gallant fellow who commanded the artillery then stood alone. And stand he continued to do, until an hundred foes, to one living man, were at the muzzles of his guns. He then turned, too, and slowly retreated before the Mexicans. Once in motion, the Indianians stopped not—and the place where their regiment had stood was now a wide and undefended gap, open to the free passage of the Mexicans up the valley. One side of the folding door, to pursue our illustration, was not only open, but was torn from its hinges and bolt, and its every material destroyed; and not only this, but the other side, the Illinoisians, was forced round on its hinges, to allow freer room for horse and foot to pour through the opening by thousands. The morning had found the American line, between the battery on the road and the mountains, standing across and facing down the valley. Now one third of this part of it was gone, and the remaining two thirds, swung round parallel to the mountains, were firing on the Mexicans in full march towards Saltillo.

How, then, stood the battle at this time? Was it lost or won? Lost, certainly, for the moment;—for Santa Anna had forced his way; which was his motive for fighting, and the Americans had failed to stop him, which was the object of the battle on their part. *And at this time General John E. Wool was in command—in exclusive command of the Americans.*

It is at this moment that Taylor returns from Saltillo—retrieves the losses of Wool, and wins the day;—turns the defeat into a victory, and becomes the hero of the fight. How he did this, we will presently show; but as this part of the narrative is the key of the whole case, we will pause, so as to obviate all doubts as to our correctness, by quoting from the documents.

We will go to Carleton first. His testimony is that of a friend of Wool:—

Our whole left had been forced, and the enemy was in possession of every advantage arising from the peculiar nature of the ground, the alternate ridges and ravines being as much in his favor as in ours. *It was at this critical juncture that General Taylor arrived on the field from Saltillo, having completed his dispositions for the defence of the city.—Battle of Buena Vista, pp. 71, 72.*

We quote next from Taylor's official despatches, Ex. Doc., No. 1, p. 134:—

The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear, in great force. At this moment I arrived upon the field.

We will not multiply extracts, but refer generally to the reports of the officers in command, in the above document, as showing the character and force of the enemy, who had gained the rear of the Americans on the return of Taylor from Saltillo.

Let us see, now, what was the position of the army on Taylor's return to it. The battery in the road had repulsed the Mexican column sent against it, and had spared three of its guns for the plain above it. The regiment on the right of the stream, with the guns attached to it, had been brought over to the left bank, and was now, with the two Illinois regiments, in position, facing towards the mountains; and between these regiments and the mountains was the gap, through which the Mexicans were advancing, under a heavy fire indeed, but still advancing. The artillery, not in the road at La Angostura, had been all, or nearly all, concentrated at the same place. In other parts of the field, and nearer to the hacienda of Buena Vista, and in rear of the American line of the morning, were bodies of our cavalry engaged in conflict with the advancing Mexicans, but not in force sufficient to drive them back.

As Taylor neared the field, he met the fugitives of the 2d Indiana regiment, and others—for others fled beside the 2d Indianians—and saw the Mexican force, that had broke through our line, advancing towards him. He had with him the Mississippi regiment of riflemen, which he at once despatched against the Mexican column, while he hastened to the spot where the artillery and the Kentucky and Illinois regiments still stood firm, and which was, in truth, the centre of the battle. From this spot, he at once ordered all the artillery but four guns to the rear, to aid in driving back the Mexicans, who had already been checked by the Mississippians alone. A regiment that had, up to this time, remained near the battery in the road, was also ordered back for the same purpose. This purpose was accomplished; and the Mexican troops, which had passed through our line while Wool held command, soon became so fiercely pressed, so terribly cut up by the changes effected after the return of Taylor, that Santa Anna sent the flag of truce, which, as we all know, suspended their fate for a season, and enabled them to effect their escape out of a place that had become too hot to hold them.

But, to produce these results, Taylor had weakened himself greatly. Santa Anna saw his situation, and prepared, in one heavy charge, to crush him as he stood—strengthened, as the Mexican force then was, not only by its heavy reserves, for the first time brought into action, but by the soldiers who had escaped alive, thanks to the flag of truce, from the rear of the American line.

Let us glance for a moment, now, in a general way, at the state of affairs when the last charge of the Mexicans was to be made, and when Taylor was to stand or fall. He had with him three regiments, or parts of regiments, and four pieces of artillery. His front was rather towards the mountains still, his back towards the road, along the

stream. On his right, but much in advance of him, was the whole Mexican army. On his left, and much further off, and in the rear, were the troops, with which the Mexican column had been driven back. All that whip and spur and shout could do, to aid the jaded horses on—all that men could do, who forgot their fatigue in the desperate emergency of the occasion, was done, that these troops might reach Taylor before the Mexicans had annihilated him. To keep the Mexicans at bay, till this force arrived to sustain him, was now the great object of the general. Instantly were ages now. Both sides felt the crisis. It was a race of life and death, of victory and defeat, in very truth. And we can well believe that a lifetime of thought passed through General Taylor's mind, as he watched the approach of the masses of the Mexicans on his right, and then turned to his left, to see the frantic efforts of his friends to reach him.

As the Mexicans came on, led by Santa Anna in person, they first met the infantry of Kentucky and Illinois, which stood firm until borne down by the very weight of numbers, and forced, not flying but fighting still, into the dreadful ravine, where the unresisting wounded were slaughtered, and where Clay, and Harden, and McKee were killed. The infantry overwhelmed, the Mexicans next came upon the little battery of artillery. This was all that now stood between the general and defeat. Cannoneer after cannoneer was killed. Horse after horse fell. The officers labored, wounded, as common soldiers. The commander, at one time, might have saved his guns; but while he fought them the pace of the Mexicans was checked. He could hear, too, the approaching artillery that was to relieve him—and, abandoning the wish even to save his battery, he fought it until the Mexicans were at the muzzles; and then, to use the language of Carleton, "he and the few crippled fellows who had survived the carnage, hobbled away." But he did not retire until he saw that Bragg was close at hand—until he had seen the regiments of Lane and Davis clambering, at a run, up the sides of the last ravine that separated them from the general;—until, in fine, he had seen that in this fearful race his friends would be in season for victory.

It is not necessary to continue the narrative. We all know that before the battery, as it came up and was brought into action, the Mexican army wilted away, and that Taylor, standing on the same plain which his army had occupied in the morning, was the victor of the field.

In what has thus been said, it has been our purpose to present, as succinctly as we could, the mere facts in the case—generalized so as to bring them clearly before our readers—as the best proof that could be afforded, that the public voice had been right in proclaiming the hero of Buena Vista. Our statement has not been made for the military reader; nor has it been intended as a description of what was done by each arm of the service engaged; and many matters of detail and interesting

incident have been wholly omitted by us; but we think we have described the great features of the battle rightly; and, in doing so, have enabled our readers to determine the validity of the pretensions now set up in Gen. Wool's behalf.

We repeat, what we have already intimated, as to General Wool's merits. Nothing here said is intended to detract from them; nor, properly considered, can it in any way do so. The greatest generals have been defeated—Washington, Napoleon, and the like;—and General Wool cannot be offended by being put in that category. But, though Washington has been called the hero of Yorktown, he is not known as the hero of Brandywine;—and unless our General Wool claims credit as the hero of a defeat, it is well for his friends to be quiet about his being the hero of his part of the battle of Buena Vista.

Z.

[In connection with the foregoing living picture, by a correspondent of the Baltimore American, we copy from the New York Courier an extract from a speech made by Col. Bragg in that city some months ago.]

The battle was fought: you know the result, but *you never can know the influence that the presence of General Taylor had upon the army. He alone, so it has seemed to me, could have inspired, by a presence, every soldier in the army as the volunteers were inspired. The confidence in him was complete.* He had commanded volunteers before, and had been successful with them. He had never surrendered. He had never been whipped; and the idea got abroad that he never could be. When manœuvring my pieces athwart the gullies, (I cite this as an example of that confidence,) I saw clouds of dust about two miles from me. I was painfully anxious. I thought Gen. Minon had fallen on our rear and attacked our depots, and to meet him was my first thought. A man came galloping up through the dust into sight, screaming, "*Old Zack is coming!*" Every soldier gave involuntary utterance to his feelings. *Old Zack came, and in fifteen minutes THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED.* Four thousand and five hundred men repulsed twenty thousand; and *to the influence of that presence, under God, I think I am alive here to dine with you to-day.*

[General Wool has so successfully served his country, and has gained so high a character, that we are unwilling to believe that he was privy to the attempt to derogate from General Taylor's reputation. To support this opinion, we copy an article from the *Republican*, of Richmond, Va., dated 2 Feb.]

Since we wrote our article, (a week or two ago,) expressing our strong reluctance to believe that the gallant Wool was privy to the assault upon General Taylor in the columns of the *New York Evening Post*, we have had the great pleasure to meet with the most satisfactory evidence that we were perfectly correct in the belief that General Wool could not be concerned in any attempt to strip a single leaf from the laurelled brow of Zachary Taylor. As an act of justice to General Wool, we give the following positive and entire disclaimer from the *New York Evening Post*:

GENERAL WOOL AND THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.—A morning paper, alluding to an account

of the part borne by General Wool in the late campaigns against Mexico, calls on him either to deny the statement made in the article, or to assume the responsibility of its publication. The responsibility of either preparing the article for the press or publishing it, is what General Wool has no right, in any event, to assume, since neither of them was done by his desire or with his knowledge. If any of its statements are erroneous, they can be controverted. The question is properly an historical one, and ought not to be perverted into a personal controversy to serve the purpose either of a puerile malignity, or of a desire to obtain office under General Taylor's administration.

Of course this sets the whole matter to rest, and entirely exonerates Gen. Wool from all suspicion of any connection with the articles in the New York Post. We trust that every newspaper which has given currency to the unjust imputations, will place Gen. Wool right before its readers, and do justice to one of the best soldiers and one of the most magnanimous men in the American or any other service.

Our readers may possibly remember that one reason for our reluctance to believe the charge against Gen. Wool was, that he had uniformly upon the Rio Grande exhibited a most exalted spirit, free from the slightest taint of that narrow, contracted, and envious disposition which has soiled so many wreaths of glory in this war. Upon referring to some records of that, and of a subsequent period, in the journals of the day, we are enabled to place before the readers some evidence of the estimation in which Gen. Taylor was held by Gen. Wool.

Among other matters, we ask the reader's attention to the following toast, offered by Gen. Wool at the great dinner given at Monterey, in February, 1848, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista :

Gen. Taylor.—He has returned to the bosom of his family, crowned with a wreath of laurels, bearing on his shield the victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and BUENA VISTA.

And in conformity with this declaration was Gen. Wool's whole bearing upon the Rio Grande. Let us follow him down a little further, for we will venture to trespass upon the reader's patience, and all Virginia readers will forgive us, when the object is to do justice to a hero who has grown gray in the nation's service, and a man of noble and generous soul.

The Troy Post, in replying to the unaccountable and unjustifiable assaults of the "Courier and Enquirer" upon Gen. Wool, has the following :

On the occasion of General Wool's return home, while on board the steamer Hendrick Hudson, on her way up from New York, a gentleman offered a sentiment—"The health of the hero of Buena Vista, Gen. Wool." At this time, among his personal friends, if ever, license in the language of admiration and praise should be excused. General Wool seized upon the opportunity to pass the highest eulogium upon General Taylor's character and conduct, and to utterly disclaim any pretensions of his own. He concluded his remarks by offering General Zachary Taylor, THE HERO OF BUENA VISTA.

The Troy Post also says—and it must be borne in mind that that paper is printed in General Wool's own city—

We will leave this wanton and gratuitous slander by repeating what we have in substance already said, that from the highest evidence, we know that General Taylor has no more sincere and ardent friend and admirer in the Union than Gen. Wool; and, while he takes no part in partisan politics, his language towards that gallant chieftain, both written and oral, on all occasions and to men of all parties, has been that of unbounded admiration and praise.

Our object in this article is simple justice. We have no personal acquaintance with Gen. Wool, and have never seen him but once, when he was pointed out to us on board a Hudson river steamboat. But we know him through the pages of history, as one of the "bravest of the brave," in the wars with both England and Mexico; as a generous, modest, and retiring gentleman, and both as a soldier and a man worthy the esteem and confidence with which he has ever been, and we venture to add, always will be, regarded by General Taylor, notwithstanding the ill-advised attempts to estrange and alienate from each other two venerable and illustrious patriots and warriors.

TRADE WITH CANADA.

[We believe that the opposition by southern members of Congress to the proposed opening of trade with Canada, has arisen entirely from a desire to prevent the annexation of half a dozen northern states. We are sorry that any of our free trade brethren should fail to promote the great objects of commerce and peace with all the world when the fairest opportunity they ever had is presented to them. We say to them, moreover, as we did to the north about Texas, that the annexation is inevitable. We do not believe that England will oppose it.]

From the Albany Argus.

RECIPROCAL TRADE WITH CANADA.—It is a remarkable fact, and one which reflects little credit upon the liberality or the sagacity of our legislation, that while the local government of Canada, under the enlightened and liberal policy of the present dominant party in that province, has adopted and tendered to us absolute free trade in agricultural products, we have as yet declined, or have not at least accepted, the proffered reciprocity. If with our acknowledged superiority of soil, climate, capital, and enterprise, we cannot (as we certainly can) gain an advantage by equality, in exchanging a few agricultural productions common to both countries, our assumption of freedom in intercourse and trade, upon general principles of reciprocity, in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, ought to impel us not only to adopt it ourselves, but to encourage rather than repress it in others.

In relation to the free exchange of agricultural products with Canada, no one can doubt, who will take the pains to examine the subject, that it would greatly preponderate in our favor. So much so, that we see with surprise the objections the proposition has been called to encounter from intelligent quarters in the U. S. Senate. If the facts are understood and well considered, we are quite sure that these objections will yield to more liberal and practical views.

From the New York Tribune.

AN ILLUSTRATED CRITICISM.

THE critic of the *Boston Post* writes most daz-
zlingly of one of Emerson's delightful lectures.
We can hardly call it criticism, for he does not
properly criticize; he plays around the subject like
a humming-bird round a honeysuckle—he darts at
it like a fish-hawk after a pike. He looms up
like a thunder-cloud, comes down in a shower of
tinkling sleet, and rolls away like a fire on the
prairies. He plays with figures of speech like a
juggler, balancing the sentences on his chin, and
keeping up six with each hand. His fancy goes
up like the jet of a fire engine, and comes down
in a spiral ecstasy, like a Peruvian condor. He is
a detonating mixture—a percussion cap—a me-
teoric shower—a spiritual shuttle, vibrating be-
tween the unheard-of and the unutterable. Like
a child he shakes his rattle over the edge of Chaos
and swings on the gates of the Past—and he sits
like a nightingale in a golden ring, suspended by
a silver cord from a nail driven into the zenith.

We cannot resist trying our hand at illustrat-
ing his description of the lecture—giving form to
the writer's phosphorescent fancies. Our attempts
in this line accompany the text. Mr. Emerson,
whose splendid profusion of thought and imagery,
combined with the magnetism of his voice and
presence, must produce the deepest impression
wherever he is heard, has probably never imagined
himself, even spiritually, in positions so remark-
able. He will be equally amused with ourself at
the result. Thus *ecstasizes* the writer:

"Yet it is quite out of charac-
ter to say Mr. Emerson lectures
—he does no such thing. He
drops nectar—he chips out
sparks—he exhales odors—he
lets off mental sky-rockets and
fireworks—he spouts fire, and,
conjuror-like, draws ribbons out
of his mouth. He smokes, he



sparkles, he improvises, he
shouts, he sings—HE EX-
PLODES LIKE A BUNDLE OF
CRACKERS—he goes off in
fiery eruptions like a vol-
cano, but he does not lec-
ture.

* * * * * He went
swiftly over the ground of
knowledge with a Damas-
cus blade, severing everything from its bottom,
leaving one in doubt whether anything would ever
grow again. Yet he seems as innocent as a little
child who goes into a garden and pulls up a whole
bed of violets, laughs over their beauty, and throws
them down again. So that, after all, we are in-
clined to think no great harm has been done. He
comes and goes like a spirit of whom one just



hears the rustle of his wings.—He is a vitalized
speculation—a talking essence—

A SORT OF CELESTIAL EMANATION,



[“Celestial Emanations” may properly be allowed to take
an airing on comets.—ILLUSTRATOR.]

—a bit of transparency broken from the spheres—
a spiritual prism through which we see all beauti-
ful rays of immaterial existences. His leaping
fancy mounts upward like an India-rubber ball,
and drifts and falls like a snow-flake or a feather.
He moves in the regions of similitudes. He
comes through the air like a cherubim with a
golden trumpet in his mouth, out of which he blows
tropes and figures and gossamer transparencies of
suggestive fancies. He takes high flights, and
sustains himself without ruffling a feather. He
inverts the rainbow and uses it for a swing—now
sweeping the earth and now clapping his hands
among the stars.”



A CLERGYMAN in Blairgowrie, Perthshire, having
refused baptism to the child of a schoolmaster, the
case went the run of the church courts, and ended
in the baptism of the child. The schoolmaster then
instituted a civil action; and, in absence, the lord
ordinary found the defendant liable to £500 dam-
ages personally, and £1,500 in conjunction with
his kirk-session. In the mean time, the clergyman
has commenced a new suit against the schoolmas-
ter's wife, for non-attendance at church.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED SILVER MINES.—The “Her-
aldo” of Madrid, of the 26th, contains some infor-
mation respecting the silver mines of Hiendenlaeci-
na, in the province of Guadalajara. The principal
vein, which is upwards of 400 yards in length and
123 in depth, is richer than any of those of Saxo-
ny; and quite as rich, though less extensive, as
the best in America. The country around gives
frequent indications of the existence of silver; but
the principal pits are those of Malancho, San José,
La Tirolesa, Santa Cecilia, La Suerte, and La For-
tuna. A large establishment for amalgamation, be-
longing to an English company, has contracted for
78,000 quintals of mineral a year, the total produce
amounting at present to 400,000 quintals, valued at
60 reals a quintal. The net produce varies from 5
to 13 ounces of pure silver per quintal.

CONTENTS OF No. 251.

1. The French Benedictine,	- - - -	Edinburgh Review,	- - - -	433
2. Margaret Smith's Journal,	- - - -	Chronotype and Traveller,	- - - -	453
3. The Self-Seer, Chaps I., II., III.,	- - - -	Fraser's Magazine,	- - - -	455
4. Rabies and Hydrophobia,	- - - -	Boston Daily Advertiser,	- - - -	463
5. The "French Neutrals," and Anthony Benezet,	- - - -	National Era,	- - - -	465
6. Lamartine,	- - - -	" "	- - - -	466
7. Austria's Resurrection,	- - - -	Times,	- - - -	467
8. Indelibility of Holy Orders,	- - - -	Edinburgh Review,	- - - -	469
9. On Slave Immigration,	- - - -	Judge Heydenfeldt, of Alabama,	- - - -	471
10. Battle of Buena Vista—Gens. Wool and Taylor,	- - - -	Baltimore American,	- - - -	474
11. Emerson, Boston Post, New York Tribune,	- - - -	Illustrated,	- - - -	479

POETRY.—Too Late, 462.—To Lamartine, 466.—Three Songs by Thomas Hood, 473.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Macgregor's Commercial Statistics, 454.—Earl of Aberdeen and the Scotch Fisherman, 468.—Enormous Application of the Electrotype; Parachute for Coal Pits, 470.—Trade with Canada, 478.—Refusal of Baptism, New Silver Mines, 479.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12¢ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	\$20 00
Nine " "	\$40 00
Twelve " "	\$50 00

Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12¢ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4¢ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1¢ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Or all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.